

A BILLIONAIRE HAS A FLING

ACE

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

MAY 1984
FIFTY CENTS

"LOLITA" FINALLY GROWS UP
OUR AMOROUS FOUNDING FATHERS
LOWDOWN ON "WEDDED BLISS" IN HOLLYWOOD



As the lid goes off the wonderful

new issue of ACE, helping to do the honors

is Bonnie Jean Wells, who

(you have to admit) is also quite an

expert at opening eyelids. You'll find

more of Bonnie Jean, in full

color, inside—as well as numerous other

eye-opening and exciting features.

Ace

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN OF DISTINCTION

LARRY REICH = editor

MICHAEL PAUL RAND = art editor

MURRAY BARTON = associate editor

MAY, 1963

VOL. 6, NO. 6

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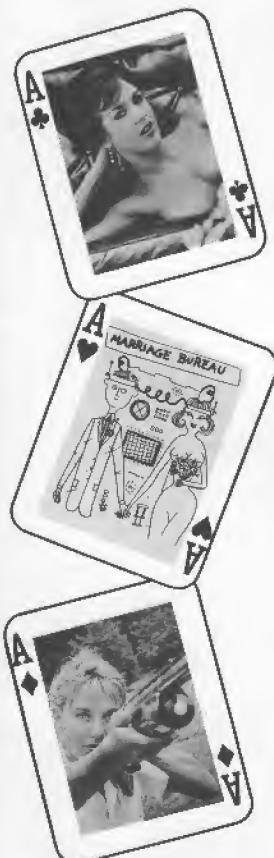
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Keep an 'eye' on your favorite gal with this...
EYE BALL PENDANT

An unusual conversation piece, it keeps an eye on everyone (and everyone keeps an eye on you when you wear it). It's fastened to a curved metal eyebrow which dangles from a delicate chain. "Real eerie," for \$1.95 ppd.

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BACKTALK

TREASON AGAINST GLEASON

Dear ACE:

Your benign-seeming article on Jackie Gleason in the March issue fails to conceal the underlying barb: "He'll step onstage with a skinful of liquor, yet never blow up, slow down or forget a line." Yet, just a couple of paragraphs before, the writer, Ronson O. Carle, noted, "Jackie would commit every sense of every line, if not the precise wording."

It's clever writing, apparently designed to portray the "Great Man" as a rum-soaked precursor to today's untalented method actors. I don't think you gave Jackie enough credit for his discipline, an acquirement too many of today's performers feel too lazy to work for. Of course, Jackie has talent—but that isn't all.

Jed Mayberry Jr.
New York, N.Y.

GRANDMA'S SLICKSTERS

Dear ACE:

I've enjoyed reading your mag for a long time, now, man. It's had its own message, and even though the writing is about as square as you'll hear blown these days, I dig ACE as a sort of off-shoot (possibly screwball) hipster rag. But man, when you print that yarn by Ted Mark, "Grandma and the Hipsters" (March issue), you're really reaching, but far.

I'd sure like to know what that Mark cat was smoking when he dreamed that tale. His Grandma character was straight out of an old Saturday Evening Post—and those hipsters wailed like something out of Mickey Spillane and Radcliffe Hall. Wow! What a wild brew! It's as if he wrote a story about Nikita Khrushchev going to a wild party in Greenwich Village and then deciding to give up belonging to the Communist Party.

Adair Devlin
Monterey, Calif.

Dear ACE:

"Grandma and the Hipsters" had an excellent moral, and I think one that can afford to be reiterated. Yet, why did the author use all those creepy people to make his point?

Willard Herskowitz Jr.
Bethlehem, Pa.

INK-BLOTTED OUT

Dear ACE:

In your March issue you apparently put up the ink-blot method of probing the unconscious ("An I.Q. Test to Rate Your Personality"). I should like to register my protests, especially since I recently was turned down for an important job on the basis of such a test.

Admittedly, I realize that I may have certain emotional problems. However, after having been the president of my high school senior class, president of my college fraternity and a cum laude graduate, I question seriously whether the tester's diagnosis of "pre-schizophrenic tendencies" was justified.

Name Withheld
Waukesha, Wis.

Dear ACE:

Congratulations on your interesting discussion of the ink-blot tests. I think it is the only valid method being used today.

Aldo V. Correlini
Wichita, Kan.

HAPPY TWIST

Dear ACE:

Congratulations for bringing out the true facts about British girls. Your article, "How Those English Girls Have Changed" (March issue), could have gone under the title of "Reverse English," for that is exactly what has taken place. I visited England myself just last year, and I was struck by how much more beautiful the girls are than they were when I was there during World War II.

Gerold D. Osinski
Billings, Mont.



Albert Dorne



Norman Rockwell



Al Parker



Jon Whitcomb



Austin Briggs



Ben Stahl



Robert Fawcett



Fred Ludekens



Harold Von Schmidt



George Giusti



Peter Helck



Steven Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

IF YOU LIKE to draw, America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago, we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get topnotch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers, we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting...lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four years ago; today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a "no-future" job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time, he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester, knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two

years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training, Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Barns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today, he is a successful advertising illustrator, earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to your course, I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to \$100 each." Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid \$1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

Famous Artists Schools Studio 5621 Westport, Conn.

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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D.C., a nationally recognized accrediting agency.



SATIRE

H. L. MENCKEN once observed that the easiest and most lucrative position in the world is that of being an executive secretary for a non-profit organization. After scanning the pages of a number of periodicals throughout this nation, I have become convinced that book reviewing runs executive secretarialing a close second as a snap job. To illustrate this point, I offer the correspondence of a fictitious reviewer, R. L. Cumberson, and his equally contrived editor, Franklin Gothic, as they endeavor to iron out a few pre-publication kinks.

Dear Cumberson:

Your review of *Nostradamus Revisited* by Alexander Cartwheel is really too short for so important a book. Your description of the contents is at best skimpy. Please send more copy.

Franklin Gothic

Dear Mr. Gothic:

I have written to the publisher for more information on Cartwheel's book. Since they've gotten that new press agent, their releases have been skimpy of late. The *Library Monthly* hasn't been any more helpful. Will send additional copy shortly. By the way, how can you

say Cartwheel's book is important? I couldn't even get past the first chapter.

As ever,
R. L. Cumberson

Dear Cumberson:

In your review of Jane Episode's *Trilogy of Love*, you use the quote: "Marcus ran all the way home to his mother on that night of nights..." concluding with, "Sybil, poor lonely Sybil, wondering what pain that love begat." I should like to point out that this quote is taken from Miss Episode's first book, *Halfway Between Here and There*, and has nothing to do with the title under discussion. What gives?

Franklin Gothic

Dear Mr. Gothic:

You are so right. The quote does belong to *Halfway Between Here and There*. That was an excellent catch on your part. You may get a kick out of learning that I read Abel Dumbfound's review in the San Francisco Express last Sunday, and noticed that he also ascribed this passage to the wrong book. Well, the Express' editor just isn't as sharp as you are. Thanks,

As ever,
R. L. Cumberson

Dear Cumberson:

I can't understand how you can call Anarchic Kudos' collection of short stories, titled *Odysseys and Ends*, anti-government. As a matter of fact, Kudos has been my favorite author for 30 years. I do recall that his first works were anti-government, but I believe that in the last two years he has espoused the doctrine of economic royalty. Please reply.

Franklin Gothic

Dear Mr. Gothic:

Actually I suppose that you could say that Kudos has changed his point of view, but I really don't think so. Now take that story about the industrialist who obeys all the laws and ends up in happiness. I believe that nobody could be *that* happy. You won't find what Kudos actually meant in what he wrote. For his meaning you'd have to study his earlier works.

As ever,
R. L. Cumberson

Dear Cumberson:

Are you stupid, man? How could you call the autobiography of our publisher, Mr. Clarendon, "an indulgence in personal vanity and a revision of history?" I had to do a complete rewrite myself.

Franklin Gothic

Dear Mr. Gothic:

No harm was meant. It would be impossible in face of the widespread unfavorable reviews to applaud Mr. Clarendon's efforts. Besides, I thought you believed in freedom of the press.

As ever,
R. L. Cumberson

Dear Cumberson:

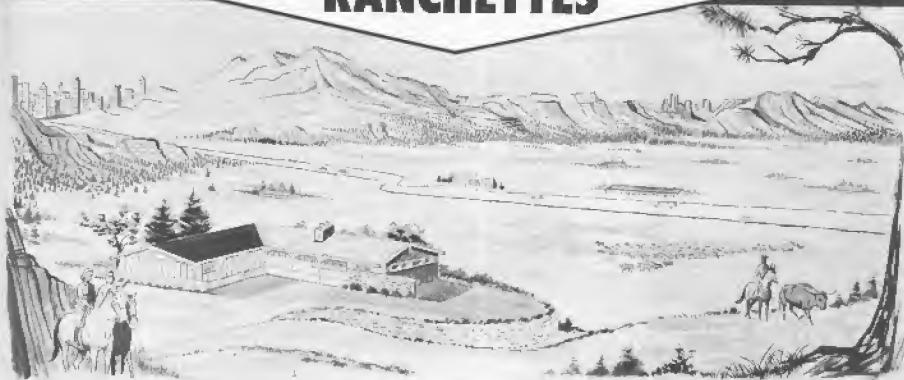
Since I'm going on a three-week vacation, it would be too risky to keep you on the pay roll. You're fired.

Franklin Gothic

On U.S. Route 66 — Only 39 Miles from America's 7th Fastest Growing City

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO . . .

An Acre of Your Own in THE VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES



**FULL ACRE \$395
FULL PRICE**

**ONLY \$5 DOWN
A MONTH**

Suddenly — almost without warning — the land boom is on in New Mexico. All at once Americans have discovered the "Land of Enchantment" . . . and homes and ranchettes are springing up on lush verdant pastures which but now were enormous ranches.

And especially is this true of the lovely valleys surrounding Albuquerque, the queen of New Mexico. This exciting city is bursting at the seams and homes are splitting out in all directions. Albuquerque has become America's "7th fastest growing city" — and is picking up speed at an astounding tempo.

Astounding? Please consider: In 1940 Albuquerque had less than 36,000 people. By 1950 it had soared to 97,000. And in the last 10 years it has rocketed to more than 260,000!

There are so many reasons for this fantastic rate of growth. Nowhere in America is there land more beautiful than the rich valleys that rim Albuquerque. The climate is possibly without equal in all of America — a summertime of balmy sunny days — shirt-sleeve weather. Household expenses are negligible. The richness and purity of climate have given new life to people from all parts of our land. The medical and respiratory ailments alone, thousands of cures have been miraculously achieved by the mild, dry air, the abundant sunshine, the low humidity. In the words of the Encyclopedia Britannica the Albuquerque region is "a health resort"! And what about sports, entertainment, activities, opportunity? In the lofty close-by mountains are fishing, swimming, hunting. Skiers wear shorts. Golf is played the year round. Albuquerque itself is crammed with magnificent shops, theatres, churches, schools — including the University of New Mexico with 7,000 enrolled students, bright new college buildings and modern football stadium. Albuquerque has the 5th busiest airport in the United States. Its industry and employment potential are boundless. Its 3 television channels and 9 radio stations, its opportunities in land ownership, jobs, small business; its sunniness, its friendliness, its beauty — all of these mark the personality of a great city.

The wonder is not that Albuquerque is growing so rapidly. The wonder is that one can still buy a lovely piece of land close to the city at a price as \$395 an acre! All you have to do is to take a look at the six cities which in all of America have grown even faster, then Albuquerque. What would you have to pay for an acre of comparable land only 39 miles from their shops and theaters?

(THESE FIGURES INCLUDE OUTSIDE CENTRAL CITY)

	Population	Rate of Rise 1950-1960	Cost Per Acre of Comparable Land 39 Miles from Downtown
1. San Jose, Calif.	639,615	120.1%	\$2,500 — \$ 5,000
2. Phoenix, Arizona	652,032	96.5	\$3,500 — \$ 7,000
3. Tucson, Arizona	262,139	85.6	\$1,500 — \$ 3,000
4. Miami, Florida	517,851	85.4	\$5,000 — \$ 10,000
5. Sacramento, Cal.	500,719	80.7	\$2,000
6. San Diego, Cal.	1,003,522	80.2	\$4,000 — \$ 8,000
7. Albuquerque, N. M.	260,318	78.7	\$395 Valley of The Estancia Ranchettes

These statistics are eye-openers, aren't they? Yet real estate men are saying that the prices you have just read will soon apply to the Albuquerque region!

And as lovely and luxuriant an area as Albuquerque can boast is The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes. Rimmed by mountains, lying flush alongside the most important highway in the West, Route 66, and only 39 miles from Albuquerque, The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes is the essence of the enchanting Southwest. Please read this carefully! The Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes are virgin desert tracts. They are lush and green. Water wants to be tapped. The soil is so fertile as to bear fruit trees and truck gardens. Our Route 66 neighbors frame the landscape with their low modern ranchettes, homes, motels. Our next door neighbor is the famed \$200,000 Longhorn Museum of the Old West . . . Oh yes, this is a very lovely land.

As our headline says, an acre in our beautiful VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES costs \$395 complete! And the terms are \$5 down and \$5 a month per acre. That's it — no extras, no hidden additional costs. You may reserve as many acres as you wish. AND YOU TAKE NO RISK IN SENDING YOUR \$5 TO RESERVE YOUR ONE ACRE RANCHETTE SITE. Your \$5 reserves an acre for you, but you have the unqualified right to change your mind. As soon as we receive your reservation we will send you your Purchase Agreement, your Owner's Kit. The package will show you exactly where your property is and will include the maps, photographs and complete information about your property. Other maps will show you route 66 through old Mexico itself, 250 miles away. You may have a full 30 day period to go through this fascinating portfolio, check our references, talk it over with your family. If during that time you should wish to change your mind (and you don't have to give a reason either) your reservation deposit will be instantly refunded. (ALBUQUERQUE BANK REFERENCES).

Experienced realtors think that the Albuquerque area presents the most exciting acreage buy in America. On the outskirts of the city, land is now going for \$5000 to \$6000 an acre. One day soon the Valley of the Estancia Ranchettes could be a suburb of Albuquerque. Act now. You'll be forever grateful that you did.

VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES

Dept. LH-74,

2316 CENTRAL S.E., ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

Gentlemen: I wish to reserve _____ acres in the VALLEY OF THE ESTANCIA RANCHETTES. I enclose a deposit of \$_____ (Please send deposit of \$5 for each \$395 acre you reserve.) Please rush complete details, including my Purchaser's Agreement, Property Owner's Kit, maps, photographs, and all data. It is strictly understood that I may change my mind within 30 days for any reason and that my deposit will be fully and instantly refunded if I do.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

* Last year for example, there were only 8 days that were not sunny.

THE SHARPEST BLADE IN THE WEST

ALVIN FENSTER'S trouble was that he lived in the wrong time and the wrong place. He was an undersized disgrace to the image of the Old West. He was a scrawny coyote, running scared most of the time and too inept to forage a jack rabbit for his shrunken belly the rest

of the time. He was, to put it simply, a coward.

In a town where "Draw, podner!" was the greeting of the day, every day, Alvin couldn't pull his gun from his holster without risking shooting off his foot. And if he had managed it he couldn't have hit the side of a silo from three feet away. At a time when the hoarse cry of "Whiskey!" was all that was needed to gain a man admittance to the barroom society of the town, Alvin's queasy tummy warned him daily that he was one man who couldn't hold his likker. Even a glass of beer was enough to send him retching to the rail that was used for hitching horses. And, as the final degradation, in a milieu where a man's willingness to gamble was a status symbol, Alvin couldn't tell an Ace from his elbow, suffered acute

None of the great gun

slingers could take the little barber

seriously—but the gun

slingers' gals couldn't resist him.

FICTION BY TED MARK

dizziness at the sight of a spinning roulette wheel and was too myopic to count the dots on a pair of settling dice.

What's more, he was even a misfit in the most ordinary components of life in the Old West. He was incapable of mounting a horse without falling off the other side. He was allergic to cattle, suffering violent sneezing attacks whenever he went near them. The sight of a calf being branded made him ill. And, far from being able to lasso a stationary hitching-post, Alvin couldn't even tie a knot with a rope; the strands just fell apart like so much dandruff under his fingers.

Being small and skinny, and completely inept, it follows naturally that Alvin was irresistible to women. There

wasn't a housewife, or a hustler, a decent spinster, or a dance-hall girl who could resist the impulse to mother Alvin. But allowing himself to be mothered was merely opening gambit in his relations with the fair sex as far as Alvin was concerned. Though timid as a ladybug in the life thrust upon him, in the midst of a tryst Alvin displayed the furious passions of a prairie wolf. While other, more virile he-men of the Old West sublimated their sex urges and dissipated their manliness in hard-drinking, poker-playing and gun-dueling, Alvin single-mindedly devoted his manhood to the seeking-out of its natural component.

This element of Alvin's character, of necessity, was kept secret from the masculine half of (Cont. on p. 71)



THE LOWDOWN ON



Film scene with Janet Leigh
and Tony Curtis virtually mirrored
their stormy marriage.

"Wedded Bliss" in Hollywood

Nowhere in the world do guys and girls have the itch to get hitched and unhitched as they do in America's movie capital. Here's a closeup of a glamor queen who changes husbands as quickly off-screen as she does on.

THAT DAY LAST MAY—when I drove out to Jenny Love's house, high in the Hollywood Hills—it marked the first time any reporter had visited the vivacious star since her return from the hospital. I had spoken to her on the phone just the day before, and I told her frankly why I wanted to interview her. I wanted to get the full story behind the overdose of sleeping pills she had taken; I wanted to know whether her "storybook" marriage to Lars Maxwell was finished; I wanted the whole truth from her own lips.

"Okay, Russell," she breathed into the telephone. "I owe you this story. You were the one reporter who was nice to me when I was struggling to get ahead in the movies. You're the only person who hasn't written nasty things about me during this mess. Come tomorrow, Russ, dear."

The following afternoon I found myself seated comfortably in the sunken living room of the stucco house that Jenny and Lars had lived in for ten years. On the wall was an oil of Lars and the two children, Melinda and Belinda, painted a couple of years ago by Jenny.

When Jenny came down the stairs to greet me, she looked radiant. "It's always so good to see an old friend, Russ, dear," she said. Though she was smiling and though her china blue eyes were crystal clear, one could still see the shadows that anguish had etched into her face. Her figure was sexy as ever, but it was apparent that she had lost considerable weight.

She asked how my family was, and I told her, but I could sense that she was ready to talk; that she wanted to unburden herself to me about the problems that had been tormenting her for some time now.

"Melinda and Belinda are with Mother in Chicago," she said in the way of making an announcement.

"Is Lars for doing this?" I asked.

"I haven't heard from Lars since he phoned me from Rome at the hospital," she replied. She said it without a flicker of emotion on her face.

"Does that mean," I asked, "that you and Lars are finished?"

She thought about that question for awhile before she answered. "You know, a woman in love is willing to put up with a lot of heartaches in her marriage. I think that if Lars told me he wanted a divorce, I'd probably give it to him."

"You still love him," I said.

She nodded, and the tears began to come to her eyes.

"What about the sleeping pills?" I asked.

"It was all an accident, Russell, dear," she answered. "I had 30 of them in the bottle. I'm supposed to take two before going to bed, to calm my nerves. I took the two and went to sleep. Then I woke up, but I had forgotten that I had already taken my regular dose..."

"But," I interrupted, "the police said you took the whole bottle."

At that point, Jenny's eyes turned to cold steel. Her face went white with controlled rage. "That's what I mean about the lies people have been saying about me. It's been, oh, so awful, Russell, dear. The police, the reporters—everybody says I tried to commit suicide."

"You didn't?" I asked.

She pointed to the oil she had done of her family and said, "Those two little adorable girls—and even Lars—I couldn't do something crazy like that to them. I know I've been mixed up lately, but take my own life..."

That was last May. Just one month later Jenny phoned and gave me the exclusive story that she and Lars were finished. She hadn't yet decided whether to file for an interlocutory decree in California or to get a quickie divorce in Las Vegas or Mexico.

"It all depends on how the property settlement goes," she told me. "Lars and I are up to our ears in business deals. We've got a loom factory in Eureka, a candy factory in Brooklyn and a couple of uranium mines, besides which we're dickering to buy a string of radio stations in Massachusetts and North Carolina."

"I gather the heartache has eased up some," I said.

"I'm completely over it, Russ, darling. What I want to do is get back to making pictures. I've signed to do three right in a row—*The Mudslingers*, then I'm going to do *Beatnik Rhapsody* in West Berlin and after that, *Film Flam* for Midge Sherlock."

Her voice sounded a little tense, but I figured she meant every word of what she was saying.

Two weeks later I ran into Jenny at Romanoff's. She was with Stone Henge. I asked her if there was anything new on the divorce. She shook her head and smiled. Three nights later, I met her at the Cock 'n Bull. This time she was with Jock McCord. Again I asked her about the divorce, and again she

(Continued on next page)

It's sad but true—queens of "real-ism" have trouble with bare facts of lasting marriage. Jayne Mansfield's perfect blend with Mickey Hargitay (l.) soured. Warren Beatty made Natalie Wood forget Robert Wagner (c.). Eddie failed as Liz' fourth hubby.



"WEDDED BLISS" IN HOLLYWOOD

shook her head and smiled. At the Brown Derby I saw her with little Chubby Dooley and at the Coconut Grove with director Midge Sherlock. It was obvious that Jenny was trying to drown her love for her husband by going out with a different man each night.

Meanwhile, coming from Rome were all those reports about a romance between Lars and the 19-year-old Italian film siren, Rella Rollatini. I didn't want to bring the matter up with Jenny, because I knew she was still carrying a torch for her husband. Yet, I also knew it would only be a matter of weeks before things had to come to a head.

Then early in July I noticed a new man in Jenny's life. He was Harry Harbinger, wealthy owner of a chain of used car lots up and down the West Coast. Tall, good-looking, graying at the temples, Harbinger had a way of bringing out a soft expression in Jenny's face that I hadn't seen since before she and Lars Maxwell split up.

I mentioned this to her.

"Isn't he wonderful?" she asked. Harbinger, who had been sitting by her side in their booth at Romanoff's, broke in with, "There's no point in going ahead with any story, Russ. It's just that Jenny and I have so much fun together." With that he nuzzled her, and she nuzzled him right back.

Later that week, when we were alone, Jenny confided to me that Harbinger had asked her to marry him. Then she pleaded with me, "Please don't break the story, yet, Russ, dear. I still have to get the divorce, and I don't want Lars getting any wrong ideas and gumming up the works."

I kept her secret until early August, when she phoned me with the exclusive story that she was flying to Juarez, Mexico for the divorce. Harbinger would fly down there with her, and as soon as she got the decree, they'd get married.

After filing my story about the divorce and wedding, I hurried over to Jenny's house for a closeup feature on the newlyweds-to-be.

"Harry is just adorable," she enthused, holding out a ten carat diamond for me to admire. "He's so generous. He's bought me a Rolls Royce, a Jaguar and a Chevy, a mink, a sable and a little ermine wrap. Not only that, but he loves Belinda and Melinda, and they love him. He's bought them each a pony, and we're all going to live on his ranch outside of Palm Springs."

"When did you decide that he was the man for you?" I asked.

She thought for a moment, then laughed. "You won't believe it, Russ, darling, but you know, Harry's a great sportsman—tennis, golf and all that. Well, I guess I fell in love with him when he began teaching me how to play bridge. He's so kind, so firm—and I just love the expression on his face when he gets serious."

Jenny was plainly in seventh heaven. She was bubbling with excitement over the new life she was about to embark on. Bonnie Widget, who is her best friend, was chosen to be matron of honor, as well as divorce witness.

It all happened so fast, I hardly had time to catch my breath. I flew down to cover the event, and on August 25th, Jenny Became Mrs. Harry Harbinger.

Because Jenny had to begin work so soon on *The Mudslingers*, the happy couple had only a week for their honeymoon. They spent it in Acapulco; then they returned to Hollywood.

In all the years I've been covering the movie colony beat, I've never seen a more radiant bride. On the studio set, everybody remarked on the change that had come over the glamorous, blue-eyed star.

"This time it's for real," she confided to me in her dressing room. "With Lars I behaved like a spoiled child so often, but Harry won't let me act that way. I've grown up. Life has true meaning for me now."

The Harbingers seemed like a typically happy Hollywood couple around town. They nekked often in public. All of us were very happy for Jenny.

After shooting on *The Mudslingers*

was completed, the Harbingers went off for a three-week vacation in Sun Valley—a sort of second honeymoon. While there, an unfortunate accident befell Jenny. She broke her leg, falling off a horse.

"I hate myself sometimes," she told me when she came back to Hollywood. "I almost think that I'm accident-prone."

This meant, of course, that filming of *Beatnik Rhapsody* in West Berlin would have to be postponed until the glamorous star's leg healed.

Then quite suddenly, a month later, I received an urgent call from Jenny to come to her place near Palm Springs right away. When I arrived, she told me tearfully that she and Harry (who was away on a business trip at the time) had quarreled bitterly over her career. "He doesn't want me to go to Germany," she wailed. "I told him that I had committed myself to do these movies before we met, but he doesn't seem to understand."

I had to admit that even I was surprised at this sudden turn of events. I went over to the bar and fixed a drink for this beautiful star whose eyes were now red from crying. After she took a sip she said, "I could tell you things... hideous things... but I'm afraid you'd print it, and the studio wouldn't like that. Harry and I have basic problems."

After I had reassured her that I wouldn't divulge her confidence, she told me the whole story. Some of it I can reveal. "It began after we were married," she told me. "If it weren't for the fact that the same thing happened, following my marriage to Lars, I would be so scared right now... If only Harry would be more patient with me!"

Five days afterwards, Jenny told me that Harry wouldn't be coming home for a month, because he was taking an extended business trip in Japan.

Late that night, I got a call from Bonnie Widget, who was in near hysterics. "Jenny's in the hospital," she screamed. "An overdose... but the doctors say she'll pull through. Hurry over right away."



MAID'S NIGHT IN





HACIENDA HIDEAWAY



**Gone are the romantic
hidalgos who once
upon a time would
come each night to . . .**





strum their guitars.
Yet, the mood isn't
lost upon Bonnie Jean
Wells, as she decorates
this old Spanish mansion
in Southern California.





THE JOKER'S GEMS

The Russians make no secret of the fact that they recruit beautiful female comrades to serve as camp followers for their troops. Recently a battalion of girls was dispatched to Siberia to boost the morale of the soldiers stationed there.

Not long afterwards a commissar went out to the area on an inspection tour. He had the girls line up before him and began asking questions. As they stood shivering in the 30 degrees below zero temperature, he said to one girl, "How goes it?"

Shrugging her shoulders she replied, "I can't complain."

"You bet your dear sweet life you can't," the commissar shot back.

In the heart of the jungles, a cannibal mother and her child looked up in awe as a jet airliner flew overhead.

"What was that?" the child asked.

"It's something that's pretty much like a lobster," replied the mother. "You can only eat what's inside."

During a nature class, the teacher began telling her third grade pupils about the chicken. "Isn't it wonderful," she exclaimed, "how little chickens get out of their shells?"

In the nation's capital the Persons column of a newspaper featured the following entry: "Widow, employed, attractive seeks good-looking male companion between 45-55. Object matrimony, but would consider friendship instead. Reply Box 812."

Five days went by when another ad appeared in the same column: "Any man who did not succeed with Box 812 please answer this ad. Box 933, Two Eager Secretaries."

At a Hollywood party one of filmdom's sexiest actresses sidled up to a handsome stranger and asked him: "Tell me, sweetheart; if I were a genie and were able to grant you three wishes, what would the last two be?"

At a New York cocktail party a wolf who had one too many spotted a comely young lass and began to force his presence on her. At first she politely put him off by excusing herself and joining another group. However, the wolf refused to take the hint and kept pursuing her.

Finally the girl came out flatly and asked the pest to stop following her. Mirrored by this, the wolf responded nastily, "Oh, I thought you were my mother."

"I couldn't be," said the girl. "I'm married."

One of her eight-year-old charges was moved to respond, "What beats me is how they get in."

During a class on geography, another teacher asked her pupils where the Rocky Mountains were located.

"In my country," replied one youngster.

"What is that?" asked the teacher.

"'Tis of thee," came the answer.

At an art gallery a proprietor was unsuccessful in his attempts to get a prospective customer to buy one of the non-objective paintings that were on display. The customer made no bones about not being hip to the sundry assortments of drips, blots and slashes.

In exasperation the gallery owner asked, "Would you be interested in a nude?"

"Heavens no," came the reply. "I'm a physician."

A bartender, explaining why he threw out a customer who had been drinking for hours, said, "When he came in here he was lousy with money. Then I found he was lousier without money."





An
Honest
Affair



THough he may be a confirmed bachelor, a man who uses his best girlfriend to sugar his No. 1 client, is asking for trouble.

BUT WHY YOU?" I asked, wearing the frank smile and using the expansive gesture. "I would have thought that you of all people would have no end of pretty companions to romp with."

"I know," J. G. sighed. "That's just the trouble. Everybody thinks that. It's downright embarrassing."

I turned on the you-can-trust-me look. After all, a good publicity man has to be everything to his client—including sometimes, his psychoanalyst. And also including . . . But why call myself names? It's bad for my public image.

"It's only natural," I prodded when it appeared that J. G.'s brooding would go on forever. "When a man is surrounded by beautiful, women—beautiful, naked women, at that—one would think that he has . . . ah . . . ample opportunity."

"I know. Just because I make nudie movies . . ."

I cut him off automatically. "Art films, J. G." Always the publicity boy, that's me.

"Nudie movies. Save the spiel on art for your press releases. I feel like calling things by their right name, today."

I throttled an impulse to explain that a gentleman *never* calls things by their right name and nodded.

"Just because I make nudie movies," he went on doggedly, "everyone thinks that I make time with the nudes. Well, I just can't."

The smile changed from frank to sympathetic—an effective, if standard gambit in the art of drawing out the client.

"I feel like an older brother to those girls, you see. I'm responsible for them. It was I who brought them into the

(Cont. on page 68)



FOR SOME 300 YEARS the sexual repressions of the average American have been the butt of ridicule throughout the so-called civilized world. Largely scholars have blamed them upon the "Puritan tradition" in this country, and the "highly moral tone" set by our founding fathers.

A close study of the record reveals that the Puritan tradition was more theory than practice, and our founding fathers' morals were somewhat of the barnyard variety.

To be sure, the Pilgrims and Puritans who first settled this country had a rather peculiar attitude toward sex. They regarded it as a necessary evil, its only justification being procreation. Repression of the sex instinct not only was a divine virtue, but a strictly-enforced social obligation.

Adultery to them was so horrible a sin that it merited the death penalty. Records of the Massachusetts Bay colony show that two persons were executed for adultery in 1644, and a third execution is mentioned by Cotton Mather.

Later this law was somewhat modified. In Massachusetts and Rhode Island a severe flogging was substituted for the death penalty. In addition, the offender was required to wear a scarlet "A" upon the breast until death. If the miscreant were ever seen without it, the letter "A" was branded upon her face with a hot iron.

In 1707, for example, an adulteress in Plymouth received 30 lashes on her bare back and was sentenced to wear the letter "A". An adulteress in Boston was sentenced to parade through the market-place wearing a placard that read: "Thus I stand for my adulterous and whorish carriage."

In theory these laws applied to both men and women. In practice however only the female offender was

severely punished; the male adulterer usually was let off with a small fine, or at worst spent a few hours in the stocks.

The law was equally drastic with unmarried folk who engaged in illicit sexual intercourse.

In Connecticut, unmarried people found guilty of "fornication" were fined, flogged or forced to marry—and in many cases suffered all three penalties. They were publicly pilloried and sometimes were branded on the cheek. The young married couple who had a child "too soon" were required to make public confession of their sins, in order to save the infant from eternal perdition.

The sexual prudery of the Puritans was so extreme that even demonstrations of affection between husband and wife in public were banned. In 1656, Captain Kemble of Boston sat for two hours in the stocks because he enthusiastically bussed his wife on his own doorstep upon his return from a three-year voyage!

Despite the severity of all these laws, sex refused to be legislated out of existence. The lofty morality of the Pilgrims and Puritans was too good to be true. In fact it wasn't true.

Boys and girls were forever stealing off into the woods, or a nearby hayloft, for a little fun. Wedding and baptismal records show that premarital intercourse was quite common among engaged couples. Widows and widowers did considerable experimenting while seeking new marital partners. And extra-marital affairs with other men's wives were far from uncommon.

There was the case of Capt. John Underhill, commander of the Massachusetts Colony militia, who became enamored of the cooper's pretty wife. While the husband was away on business, the gallant captain paid the wife a visit. Spying

(Continued on page 73)

Our Amorous Founding Fathers

Through love of liberty, America's early settlers worked to build a

nation. Yet, they loved women enough to find plenty of time to play.

BY CHARLES V. NEMO



THE BLONDE WITH A GREEN THUMB



Lovely Joanne Duncan enjoys reaping what she's sown—surroundings of lush foliage in her back yard. As a gardener, she's earned quite a fine "reap-utation"



An essayist once wrote, "How deeply seated in the human heart is the liking for gardens and gardening." This sentiment is one that Joanne makes no secret of agreeing with—it is one of her strongest "be-leafs."



THE BRASS HATS VERSUS

Movie moguls say the Pentagon is one-sided; the military is convinced producers are square.

BY JAY MARTIN

AS THESE WORDS are being written, a film is being planned in Hollywood that may well be one of the biggest hits of 1963 or 1964. It should have all the ingredients: Its top-name cast will be headed by Kirk Douglas; its script by Rod Serling will be based on the exciting best-seller, *Seven Days In May*, which deals with a plot of some high-ranking Air Force officers to overthrow the government of the United States.

Yet, with all this going for it, there is still a chance that the movie will never be made.

According to reports from Hollywood, the film's producers are afraid that the military will not only refuse to cooperate with them, but may put actual stumbling blocks in the way of shooting the picture.

Only time will tell if the film company's worst fears are realized. But one thing is certain: All branches of the armed services have had their say in the production of motion pictures and will probably continue to do so. The Army, Navy and Air Force have required scenes involving military life to be cut, scripts to be rewritten and in a few cases—though neither Hollywood nor the Pentagon likes to talk about it—have even necessitated the studios to suspend certain projects.

Of course, this activity is not formal. Unless a movie were to threaten national security, there is no legal way to stop a film-maker from producing anything he wants to. Yet it is no myth that a producer who shoots a service script understands the pragmatic values of cooperating with the military.

If a film shows the Navy, for example, in an appealing light, that service is apt to lend the pro-

THE SILVER SCREEN

Yet, both agree that while war may be hell, making war films together is "hell-arious."

ducer a warship if it's needed. If the Navy brass isn't happy with the script, the battle wagon will be withheld.

An example of this took place a few years ago when MGM was making the Navy comedy, *Honeymoon Machine*. The producers asked the Navy to place a cruiser outside of a beach-front California hotel. The Navy first asked to see the script, then sent back the answer: "No." It seemed that the picture was going to show an admiral as too stuffy. However, the cruiser did turn up when the script was toned down.

The other services operate in a similar manner. The Army will lend men and equipment—but also only when the story is appealing. The Air Force will lend planes and technical equipment—but, again with the same reservations.

"Why should we encourage a movie or TV show

to slam us?" a service information officer was quoted as asking not long ago.

Yet, why should the studios need the cooperation of the armed services? Can't they go ahead and make their pictures without Army, Navy or Air Force cooperation?

Theoretically, they can. But there are two big hitches.

The first of these is money. Doing a major or even a minor war picture without help would build the costs of the movie astronomically. In at least one case, the Army staged a full division review to help out a movie producer. The hiring of 18,000 extras would put an impossible strain on the budget of even the best-heeled film-maker.

It is not only men that the services pitch in with. When Columbia Pictures made the movie, *Mountain Road*, about the fighting (Cont. on next page)



THE BRASS HATS VERSUS THE SILVER SCREEN

in China during World War II, the Army flew four helicopters to an Arizona location for use as flying camera platforms. The price to the studio? About \$10,000 in gas and oil expenses. But they saved more than that in the added expenses that it would have cost to hire a civilian outfit to do the same job.

At least as important as money, however, is authenticity. And here the help of the services is invaluable.

As the filmmakers of *Honeymoon Machine* would tell you, nothing looks as much like a cruiser anchored outside a hotel as the cruiser that was anchored outside the hotel.

Furthermore, everything else in an armed service movie must be authentic. If you are making a World War II flying picture, for example, the planes must be the proper models for the year that the action is supposed to be taking place in. Uniforms, small arms, and everything else also has to be accurate. The only way that a producer can realize this accuracy is with the help of the particular service involved.

This is pointed up by one of the few recent movies about military life which did not receive such aid. *The Three Stooges in Orbit*. The Air Force, objecting to the slapstick, refused to let the film company use one of their bases as a background. They did release some stock film and answer a few questions, but that was all they would do.

This picture, however, was aimed at a young audience and was not expected to be realistic in any way. Nobody cares if the Three Stooges are seen in an Air Force installation that could never be. Their whole act is a kind of slapstick fantasy.

So they went ahead, anyway, and played it for laughs.

Another space comedy, however, was not able to do this. Walt Disney's *Moon Pilot* needed an authentic background as a springboard for its humor. The producers went to the Air Force for help.

They got all they needed and more but not before certain changes were made in the script.

The movie was originally planned to show the filmed moon trip as a

cooperative effort of all three armed services plus NASA, the civilian space agency. But the Air Force, which was and is embroiled in a battle to take over certain aspects of space research saw the movie as a chance to get in some propaganda. When the movie came out, the moon trip was an all-Air Force effort.

During the making of the picture, of course, *Moon Pilot* received the benefit of Air Force help and technical advice.

Another film which needed and obtained help—this time from the military forces of four countries—was the Darryl F. Zanuck production of *The Longest Day*. In order to refight the 1944 D-Day invasion, the 20th Century-Fox mogul received 250 United States Army Rangers, plus advice and equipment; a fleet of British ships plus 150 of Her Majesty's soldiers; 2000 soldiers from France, in addition to World War II equipment and advice from Germany.

In return, Zanuck had to agree to let representatives of all four countries see the completed picture and eliminate whatever they didn't like.

It is interesting to note that in spite of the supervision, certain British critics felt that the film did not give enough footage to the English share in the invasion.

This particular objection to *The Longest Day* serves to underline a point that many Hollywood people have been making in regard to allowing the different services to censor movies in exchange for their help. Once you let them start, they are never really satisfied.

"There's no doubt that the military people are helpful," says one production man. "They'll flatten you, give you the red carpet treatment and generally knock themselves out to see to it that you get anything you want. But once they get finished revising your script, it's no longer your picture. It's theirs!"

What sort of changes do the military make? Sometimes they want the movie to take their side in an inter-service rivalry. On other occasions they want more dignity and respect shown to the officers in the

movie. In general, they want their own service portrayed as practically ideal and with all its official mores preserved intact.

Sometimes this can lead to amusing situations. The upcoming film, *Flight From Ashiya*, for example, featured a romance between an Air Force sergeant and a shapely female captain. The Air Force brass, however, looked upon this subplot with a horrified eye. To them, when an enlisted man sees a lady officer, no matter how shapely, all he should do is salute. The romance was hurriedly removed from the picture.

In this case, the editing did nothing but help perpetuate the age-old service "class" system. "We realize this sort of thing goes on," one officer was reported to have explained. "Yet, we just don't like to publicize it so widely."

In nearly every current World War II story, for instance, the Germans and Japanese are as whitewashed today as they were blackened in films made during that conflict. A German officer is rarely shown as a believing Nazi. He is just an honorable man, trying his best to get along with nasty political superiors. Nor are the Japanese shown as especially cruel or callous in their treatment of prisoners of war.

As one famous comic said upon seeing a recent World War II picture, "It seemed a shame that the Germans lost!"

Behind the scenes, however, the State Department has been prodding the military to convince Hollywood to let the past bury itself.

Another area which the armed forces are trying to keep producers away from is that of military mistakes. A recent issue of *The Wall Street Journal* mentions a movie script dealing with a general whose ambition leads him to send poorly-equipped pilots into combat during the Korean War. The Pentagon bluntly turned down the producer's request for help. The picture, they said, would show Air Force personnel as "undisciplined, selfish, inefficient and glory-seeking." The script is now being changed in order to overcome the

(Cont. on p. 71)



Wenzel-



JACKIE GLEASON'S

NOT LONG AGO, a critic observed about Jackie Gleason, "Aside from being one of the consummate artists in the theatre today, he has a knack of turning up a gold mine of top talent to work with him." This is high praise indeed, and one cannot help but note that such tribute was meant to rub off on Jackie's discoveries—recent of whom is a brown-eyed bundle of curves and talent, named Audrey Tarra. Born in Orange, N. J., 23 years ago, this lissome lass decided early in life to put fame in her frame via the terpsichore (dance, to you) route and began getting her training at the Boston Dance Theatre, where she did concert work. After that, there followed night club bookings, including the fabulous Latin Quarter in New York City. Then the "Great One" discovered her, and she went on his show. Those who have watched Audrey perform say she executes even the most modern routines with classical precision. This—one might note—is a lot of "ballet-hoo," but it is well-deserved. You'll be seeing lots more of this beauty in time to come. And after looking at these pages, who'd ever want to miss her?



NEW DISCOVERY

The "Away We Go" man's find—Audrey Tarra—is such a good dancer, it won't be long before you'll be saying, "Away she goes."





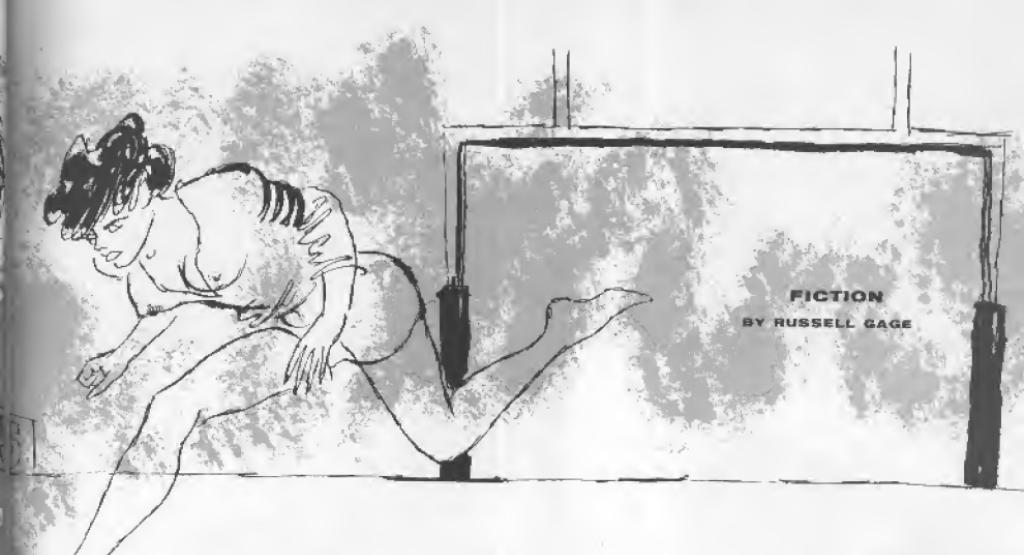
Although she's not moody or temperamental, Audrey finds that she can be deeply moved by the works of a great many classical composers.



She may be a long-hair musically, but she's not a square. Her taste in interior decorating is ultra modern — and so is her taste in men. "I like them to be in the know," says Audrey, "but they should be understanding, too."







FICTION

BY RUSSELL GAGE

The Woman Bowl

There was nothing in the conference rules that said a college couldn't send out an all-female football team—and 11 luscious lovelies proved almost too much during the crucial contest.

IT'S ABOUT TIME for the truth. There have been a whole slew of rumors and reports about the way Beans College managed to win its game with Hoffnoster last season, but as far as I know all the facts have never been brought out. That is, until now.

First, though, I'd better fill in some background. Beans—named for one Andrew Beans, who made a fortune in mattresses during the 1890s and left it all to higher education—is a small, coeducational school located in the Midwest. Along with five other equally small colleges, it is a member of the Tristate Football Conference.

Usually, Beans is a casual and easy-going campus. But it takes its football seriously. At any time during the season, a quick look will tell you how the team is doing. If things went well the previous Saturday, the campus is a happy place to be. If not, the players talk to themselves, the coeds look like drooping violets and even the professor of

classical languages seems sadder than usual.

The most important game of the year is the one with Hoffnoster, which comes at the end of each season. Beans has played Hoffnoster for 52 years, and for 52 years Beans has not lost. The only tie came in 1957, and the school flag was kept at half-mast for the remainder of the school year.

If Beans were to lose to Hoffnoster, the coach would not only be fired, but probably hung as well—and I don't mean in effigy.

This, incidentally, is where I come in. I'm the coach.

It was my first year in a coaching position and, as the season rolled along, I became more and more convinced that I'd done the right thing to quit playing pro ball in order to accept Beans' offer. So far, we had won all but one of our games. As for Hoffnoster, it had a 100 percent record: All losses and all by top-heavy scores!

Life seemed to be smiling at me.

I was young—not too much older than some of my players—and the future looked rosy. To top it off, I was in love with a red-headed senior named Gael Farr, whom I planned to marry just as soon as I got word that my contract was renewed for another year.

That ceremony, of course, hinged on the big game. But the way Hoffnoster was going, I didn't have any worries on that score.

Then it happened. Without changing its smile, life dealt me a joker—right from the bottom of the deck!

It was the Saturday before the Hoffnoster game. About two hours before we had won our next to last game with Garland, a school from over the state line. President Mitchell, who, despite my season, still half felt that he should have hired an older man, had dropped in to explain how I could have beaten Garland by an even bigger score.

When Dave Berry rapped quickly at my door and walked in, I was glad to see him. (Cont. on p. 64)

"LOLITA" Finally Grows Up

Beverly Aadland, who was introduced to Errol Flynn's wicked, wicked ways when she was 15 years of age, has taken on the yeoman task of ironing the zany kinks out of her life.

BY GEORGE LANG



Beverly's idyll with the great swashbuckler ended in Vancouver in 1959, with his fatal heart attack.



Following Flynn's death, Beverly's life had several bizarre setbacks, and she was made a ward of Los Angeles courts. She began comeback with night club career (l.). Finally in 1961 she married designer Maurice DeLeon.

ON JUNE 26, 1961 some of the newspapers in the United States carried the following story with a Las Vegas dateline: "Yesterday, Beverly Aadland, teenage traveling companion of the late actor, Errol Flynn, married Maurice Jose DeLeon, an industrial designer for the Los Angeles Board of Education. The ceremony was performed at the Silver Bell Wedding Chapel here."

However, for Bev, who went through about four of the most hectic years any young girl had ever experienced, this happy note in her life was not without incident. It seems that only 24 hours before the marriage, she was having her difficulties with the Las Vegas authorities. The reason: She was unable to prove herself over 18 years of age. Eventually, though, the situation was ironed out, permitting the world's most celebrated "real life Lolita" to embark on a new venture as a married grownup.

Just as the novel, *Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov was an outrageously comic portrayal of what otherwise might be considered a gruesome, perhaps tragic situation, so too has the Beverly Aadland story been replete with antic humor. Even the last-minute hitch in the wedding plans has to be considered funny when one considers that the Las Vegas officials undoubtedly knew that Beverly was well over 18. Their insistence on sticking to the letter of the law until the bride-to-be furnished documented evidence of her age could only slow down destiny, not thwart it.

Destiny is something that Beverly was made conscious of at an early age. Writing her daughter's biography, *The Big Love*, Florence Aadland recalled an incident that took place when Beverly was not yet six: "A very learned man, an authority on Eastern religions who had lectured all over the world and written many books... sat down in his chair and did a very strange thing. He closed his eyes and passed his hand back and forth just above Beverly's bright, blonde curls. 'I think I see sort of a halo on this girl,' he said. 'I think men will be terribly affected by this girl... I think men are going to kill over this girl. I have the feeling in my heart that she has the scent of musk on her!'"

The scent of musk was not to be sniffed out for another nine years, but in the meanwhile Beverly demonstrated that she could wield some sort of career-wise effect, for during her childhood she was a model; furthermore, at the time the seer was having his vision

about her, she had completed a technicolor movie, called *The Story of Nylon*.

Thus it was that when Beverly reached her early teens she had already obtained considerable experience in the sophisticated ways of show business people. As happens with many child models and performers on the threshold of puberty, she was in the true sense a "Lolita"—ripe for the man who would take her.

Mrs. Aadland makes no bones about the fact that Errol Flynn was the man who first caught the scent of musk on her daughter. "There's one thing I want to make clear right off," Mrs. Aadland wrote, "My baby was a virgin the day she met Errol Flynn."

According to Beverly that day occurred while she was dancing in the movie, *Marjorie Morningstar*. Flynn had seen her on the set and asked designer Orry-Kelly to introduce her to him. Later the actor invited her to the Huntington Hartford Lodge where he had been staying and after an evening of conversation and watching an old Flynn film, the romance began.

"I was so in love with Errol that I didn't want to see anyone else," Beverly recalled.

"While she talked, the love bloom was all over her—in her eyes, making her cheeks pink," Mrs. Aadland wrote about her daughter who was then all of 15.

At first Mrs. Aadland was a little concerned for Beverly, despite Flynn's great fame. "I'd read about his trials for the statutory rape of those two teen-agers in 1942," she wrote. "And I'd seen the headlines in 1951 when he was charged with the rape of a 15-year-old French girl."

When she finally learned the truth about the relationship Mrs. Aadland was considerably upset, but then as she wrote, Beverly said, "'Mama, can't you imagine what it's going to be like with Errol from now on? Can't you imagine the lovely clothes, the spending, the famous people we'll meet? Mama, he's told me how good I am for him. He's told me that we're going to write the Arabian Nights all over again!'"

In a sense, the romance between Flynn and Beverly resembled the *Odyssey* more than it did the Arabian Nights. The affair enjoyed settings across the country, in Europe, Africa and Jamaica. As Beverly foresaw to her mother, there were plenty of lovely clothes, plenty of spending. The famous people she met included Aly Khan, Elsa Maxwell, Honey Chile Wilder, John Ringling

"LOLITA" FINALLY GROWS UP

North and director John Huston.

There was no doubt that Errol Flynn, probably the most celebrated Romeo of the 20th Century, had fallen for this 15-year-old. The man who once said, "Contrary to general opinion, I never chase women—they chase me," was giving the chase with every bit of ardor a 50-year-old man could muster.

In Cuba Bev made a movie with Flynn, *The Cuban Rebel Girl*, and when the actor's autobiography, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, was published, it contained the dedication, "To a small companion," an obvious reference to Beverly.

"Only an older man can appreciate the charms of youth," Flynn once said. "And only the innocence of a young girl can truly respond to the sophistication of an experienced man. In an ideal setup, maidens would be turned over to experienced rakes for indoctrination."

In discussing their relationship, Beverly affirmed the fact that the swashbuckling playboy had indeed hastened her maturity. He had introduced her to the arts, fine literature and classical music, aside from having intimately imparted to her the benefit of his vast personal experience. Yet, Mrs. Aadland's little girl also revealed that as she and Flynn got to know each other better, each of them became less conscious of the vast difference between their ages.

For those who knew Flynn well, this wasn't surprising. In fact, after he had been accused of raping a 17-year-old girl in Monaco, he observed acidly, "Innocent is what a girl who looks and acts sophisticated before the act always claims she is after the act. Innocent is really what I am in this case. As a matter of fact, innocent is what I am all the time, compared with the women who have so sweetly and naively made me their patsy."

With Beverly, however—despite her ingenuous eagerness for the "plenty of lovely clothes and plenty of spending"—there was no indication that the swashbuckler felt himself being made a patsy.

Quite the contrary, as she'd disclosed, Flynn had spoken of marriage and even went through a mock cere-

mony with her on his estate in Jamaica. Yet, she didn't press him on this matter, and since he made no move to get a divorce from his wife, Pat Wymore, it seems as though the swashbuckler enjoyed having his own way with the girl he affectionately called "Woodsie."

Once he told Fidel Castro, while he was making *The Cuban Rebel Girl*, "Sometimes I wonder if having an affair with any woman is really worth it." Yet, the swashbuckler divulged to his bearded friend this following intimacy: "Blondes who really are blondes are apt to be conceited about it and anxious to prove their genuineness the only way they can. For this reason, they're pushovers. But generally, they're so conceited that they're not worth it. They're so damned concerned with themselves."

It is likely, though, that Flynn was mostly concerned with his waning physical powers. "There are three requisites to being a successful lover," he once told Charlie Chaplin, who also had pursued young girls. "They are: Health, inventiveness and genuine feeling. A man must be physically fit to function in the boudoir. He must have the imagination to make the act meaningful, something she will never forget."

For two years, the romance between the aging actor and his "Lolita" carried on. When the movie, based on Vladimir Nabokov's novel, was scheduled to be made, Flynn even suggested that he and Beverly play the lead parts.

It wasn't long after that a fatal heart attack struck down the star in Vancouver, B.C. Beverly was there with him. At first, she recalled, she was going to commit suicide by jumping off a cliff, but a reporter—probably an agent of destiny—came out of the fog and rescued her.

While Flynn was laid to rest, Beverly was forced to retreat to the background, her great romance by now just a memory. "He awakened in me a love of beauty that I never knew before," she said.

When the hullabaloo had subsided somewhat, Beverly, her mother and a friend set out one morning at dawn

to lay flowers at Flynn's grave in Forest Lawn Memorial Park.

Mrs. Aadland described the incident: "'My God,' I said to Bev. 'Can you imagine an unpeaceful man like the Swashbuckler in here?'"

She then recounted how Beverly and her friends frisked "like wood nymphs," strewing flowers over the grave.

"I said to Beverly," continued Mrs. Aadland, "'You didn't kiss him, yet, did you?'"

"No, Mama," she said.

"Then she knelt down very carefully and touched her lips to the grass near Errol's headstone.

"Mama!" she said suddenly.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"Mama!" she said. "I just heard a big belly laugh down there!"

"After that we left."

What followed consisted of very few laughs for Beverly. A violently insane youth pulled out a pistol and forced her to submit to his advances. After—as she looked on horrified—she blew out his brains. Then she was adjudged a wayward minor by the Los Angeles authorities, and her mother was charged with five counts of contributing to her delinquency.

A Hollywood minister, the Reverend Leonard Eilers, and his wife, Frances, were made Beverly's guardians, and shortly thereafter, the former traveling companion of Errol Flynn began touring the country as a night club singer.

Her performances were well-received, and slowly but surely her life began to reflect fewer of those tragic-comic kinks that kept cropping up in previous years.

Then finally she met the man she would eventually marry. Not long after Flynn's death, Beverly had said, "I suppose I'll marry if the right guy comes along, but he'll have to be different from Errol."

Her husband is quite different from the late swashbuckling star, but then, too, Beverly has changed her ways considerably. No longer a minor, she credits Flynn with having made her grow up. Undoubtedly he contributed much in this direction.

Yet, credit for making her life less zany should go, not to Flynn, but to Beverly herself. For "Lolita" has finally grown up. •

The



Old Swimming Hole

Some lasses prefer the ocean, others go for a modern concrete pool, but this issue's cover girl, Taffy West, is old-fashioned. Away from crowds, she prefers the haven of a small, secluded pond. As she romps with pleasure in and out of the water, you have to admit that she certainly makes a "haven-ly" sight.



IF *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* were about a girl instead of a boy, lovely Taffy would make an ideal prototype. Like Huck, she loves the freedom of the outdoors, the feel of the soft mud between her toes, the wild joy that comes from taking a plunge into the deliciously cold waters of her favorite swimming hole. She's the sort of tomboy that boys — of all ages — never grow tired of.





Like to go out with younger girls? Find books more fun than stuffy
people? If so, you possibly could lose your job—and it's all due to . . .

The Latest Vogue of



“BRAIN WATCHING”

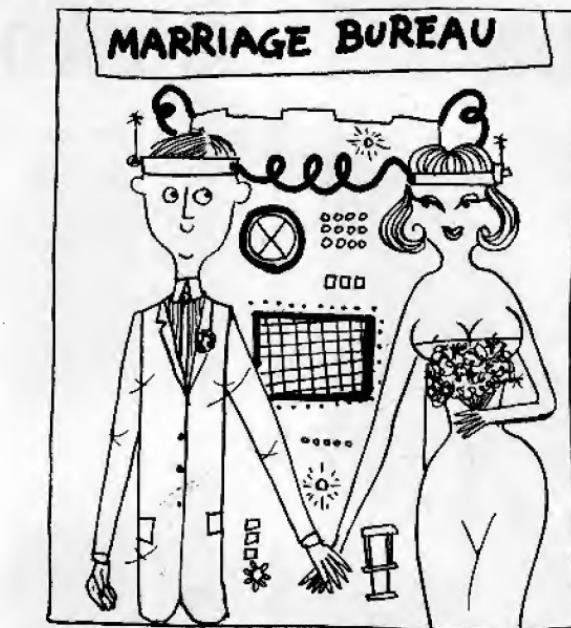
DO YOU SUFFER from being too bright? Do you like to make up your own mind? Are you the sort of guy who prides himself on being hip—on knowing the score? Do you read a serious book every now and then? If this condition is troubling you, you needn't get too upset. With a little time and effort you can remake your personality into the image of what H. L. Mencken used to term *Boobus Americanus*. And at least one school of thought believes that you'd better. That is if you want to get ahead in this world of the corporation tester and the organization man.

Don't think you can get away with taking some sort of middle ground—being just a little independent, say. This just won't do. If you want to find a place on the management team (or most any other team,) for that matter) you must be a happy, out-going, self-confident, non-worrying type who believes that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Just to make sure you keep on the beam and that you're not a secret brooder, for example, a growing hoard of experts known as personality testers are watching you from the cradle to the grave.

A long look at these experts and the sort of man and woman that they are trying to push to the forefront is given by a new book, *The Brain Watchers* by Martin L. Gross. According to Gross, the testers are employed by schools, colleges, other institutions, and most of all by the

big corporations. Their effect is to encourage mediocrity and discourage the bright non-conformer.

A man meets his first brain watcher in childhood, according to Gross, and the breed hovers near him for the rest of his life. Using such tests as the Bell Adjustment



Inventory, the Edwards Personal Preference Schedule, the Minnesota Multiphasic Personality Inventory, the Rorschach Test and the Thematic Apperception Test, to name just a few, the tester decides if an apparently normal teen-ager has a "delinquent" personality, if a high-school boy will be emotionally unadjusted to college, if the job applicant is the proper corporate type and if the trusted and faithful employee is really a neurotic who should be kept away from that promotion.

The strangest thing, Gross believes, is that the tests don't really work! Time and time again, their results have been shown as no better than chance and sometimes even less trustworthy than chance. How then did they get in such an awesome position of power, with some of America's greatest corporations following the brain watchers' every hint in their hiring and promotion policies? Apparently it's come about through a

(Cont. on p. 62)



How to Chase Women and



In the realm of water sports today men have a great opportunity to inject a note of chivalry by playing role of protector and knight in shining scuba.

IN CALIFORNIA, Adonis-like physiques monopolize beaches to display biceps before awed onlookers. In the course of these virile exhibitions, they do attract a female audience. However, that audience, like motel trade, is transient. Few gals revere the exaggerated muscle tone evident in tumblers, weight lifters

and gymnasts. Moreover, as a participating activity, the California muscle athletics offer small interest. Musclemen are muscleheads! The same truth underlines contact sports like football, soccer, and lacrosse. Boxing and wrestling of course earn the same criticism.

The discerning male can keep fit

Nowadays, the successful Romeos—who wish to mix woo with gamesmanship—are going in for athletics that stress togetherness instead of muscle. Give a girl a sporting chance to show off her best form, and you'll find the odds pretty good that she'll be game for most any sporting proposition you might care to make to her.

with a variety of sports, and while enjoying them, he can attract a bevy of girls comely enough to sign model releases. By strict analysis, the shrewd male should cultivate sports which are not so off beat that they are only practiced by a handful of fanatics, yet the sport should have the mark of a thinking man. Unques-

Improve Your Health

BY

MAURY DELMAN

tionably, this is the era of the egg-head. Therefore, an aura of egg-headedness surrounding a sport is highly recommended. Another factor which you must equate is the element of wardrobe used in the sport. Any sport which allows a female to look fetching in clothes rates three stars. As a corollary of this thought, any sport which commends a girl's figure is most important. A final tenet: Be sure to pick a sport which allows any female with normal athletic skills to make a good showing.

If you like water sports don't pass up scuba. Any Babbitt can take a gal swimming. But the potentials of scuba are great. First, this sport offers a challenge. The complexities of working with underwater gear and clothing immediately sets this sport apart as one for the sophisticated water fancier. There's an intrinsic charm in the underwater world that play upon the imagination. No girl with poise and sensitivity could go unstirred by the gentle play of currents, the kaleidoscope of colors found in fish life or the imitable design of coral lying along the sea's floor. Note, too, that the costume of scuba is literally skin tight. The old mythical mermaid can't compete with a streamlined lovely finning a graceful breast stroke to reach the entrance of a marine cave. Once below, your friendship is enhanced by such problems as hose adjustment, change of direction, and assistance during the course of undersea explorations. Naturally, such contacts are sanctioned by the requirements of underwater communication. Since scuba is not recommended as a solitary sport but one in which partnership suggests safety, a man enjoys an unequalled opportunity to inject a note of chivalry as he plays the role of protector and knight in shining scuba. In tropical climes such villains as sharks, barracudas, and moray eels lurk to menace scuba swimmers. If you're on hand to ward off any intrusion from these dangers, your gallantry will win you a warm reception from a lass.

On the field scene, the merits of skeet or trap shooting can't be ig-

(Continued on next page)



A girl will never feel trapped in a boring pastime while she's out trap shooting. The ski run is another place she can keep up with her boyfriend.



HOW TO CHASE WOMEN AND IMPROVE YOUR HEALTH

nored. Except in the instance of Annie Oakley and a few other notable female shooting figures, the pistol and rifle are the preferred choice of men. The shotgun however enjoys a prestige that other guns never attain. In a word, it is the "couth" man's shooting piece. As such it can be offered to women with due ceremony.

Skeet or trap shooting are tests of visual and coordination skill. There's a fascination to exploding the clay birds cleanly that has instant appeal. Field attire for this sport is most engaging. The usual costume for "her" is a plaid wool shirt tucked in a pair of snug fitting tailored slacks. In this ensemble a gal can look the very epitome of the sketchy figures in Abercrombie & Fitch catalogs. For competition shooting the male really comes into his own. Here, the fine points of mounting a gun must be demonstrated, swing and lead techniques corrected, and footwork as subtle as a ballet dancer's step must be utilized. These refinements will not only capture a gal's interest, they will establish your personality and taste in the same context. A stimulating day at a shoot can be a precursor to a most convivial evening. Your image, Sir, has a gentleman's luster.

Less obvious than skeet but just as potent is fun in the snow. In this arena, two fine sports come to mind—skiing and tobogganing. From the point of view of impact on the female psyche, skiing demands more talent.

The mere ownership of skis is not a passport to success. You must be good on them. Short of being expert, you should be able to handle the more difficult trails and runs. This excellence paves the way for you to take on the role of unofficial instructor. If you notice a young lady in trouble on skis, you need no formal introduction to interject and assist her. What small act could look more heroic than lifting a "ski bunny" from an awkward fall in the snow? In such a situation your attentions could never be suspect. From this strategic position, you can crown your rescue with an invitation for a hot cup of chocolate or

something stronger in liquid. While imbibing, you can allude to perilous trails in Idaho, Switzerland and South America. All of these you have mastered on the narrow slats with the upturned points. In essence you're not only an accomplished skier, you're a globe trotter too!

If you lack talent on skis you're not out of the winter ball game. Tobogganing has much to offer. The syndrome of physical experience associated with a high speed toboggan ride is difficult to analyze. Nevertheless, there is an exhilaration to hurtling down a field of snow at better than 40 miles an hour which shifts your adrenalin gland into high gear. Aside from high velocity tingles, toboggan contact is close. This is especially true when negotiating curves. Usually, a swift ride can result in an upset. This comes from an error in shifting weight on the part of a tyro tobogganer. The incident leaves you in the same strategic position enjoyed by the expert skier.

You will find yourself extricating damsels piled deep in snow. While dusting off the melting snowflakes you can make your pitch. Once they are on their feet and stabilized, an offer of comforting refreshment will not be turned down. A fall from a toboggan going at a fast clip will surely discourage further sledding for the rest of the day.

If you're a snow enthusiast there is one caution: the arts of haute couture have been more successful in ski clothes than in any other wardrobe aspect. The most misshapen female can pass herself off as a sylph when attired in ski clothes. Cute snowcaps, bulky sweaters, and ingeniously tailored slacks are marvels in the masking of figure defects. Only a practiced eye can discern when it's pitched a bad curve.

The most esoteric of sports for clever bachelors is the fine art of clamming. On the surface, clam digging would appear a mundane avocation. But that's just a surface appraisal. The search for this edible bivalve possesses multi-faceted virtues. Consider the ability to detect from the uneven surface of a sand

floor the presence of a clam. In this light you're a naturalist. The object of your search is more than an edible, its shape and characteristic has long been regarded as an exquisite art form.

Effective clamming can be done with the aid of tongs or rakes. The most fascinating and primitive approach is with bare feet.

With the foot-finding method, clam seekers either wade or jump overboard in a known clam bed area. While walking over the bed, they pound the sand with their feet in an attempt to locate a clam. A nodule-like formation under the sand is a clue to the clam's presence. In time your feet become as accurate in clam detection as a blind man's hands are on a page of braille. For efficiency, a basket tied to your waist will aid in storing your collection.

In clamming, no Olympian swimming attributes are needed. If you can wade in water above your navel and immerse your head in brine to retrieve an object at your feet, you can clam. Since the art of clamming requires no elaborate equipment, you can focus your full attention on your partner. Initially, you won't feel like a romantic figure while teaching a female to stomp sand and duck her head like an exploring mallard, but soon the game takes on interest. Eventually, she'll find a clam and be delighted with her discovery. Soon her basket will be filled. This is the cue to go ashore and sample the fruits of your labor. With a little knack you can open a clam with a blunt knife. Clams fresh from the sea are delicious raw. If you're a real clam connoisseur, a rare opportunity awaits you. Why not introduce your partner to a gourmet's treat—a clambake? By clambake I don't mean the gregarious affairs put on by smalltown fire departments. I mean an intimate bake for two right on the beach. You'll need rock, firewood and seaweed. A few hours will be required to ready the fire for proper steaming.

While your outdoor cookery is in process you can sun with your partner while the (Cont. on p. 62)

AFTER THE HUNT IS OVER!

Markswoman Irmgard Eicke
is as adept at bagging deer as most
of the males out in the fields.



When night falls, she's a
tradition-minded dear who loves to
swap yarns in front of a fire.

A full-page photograph of a nude woman with blonde hair, standing in front of a dark wood-paneled wall. She is leaning forward slightly, her left leg bent and resting against her right knee. A white cloth or sheet is draped around her lower body, covering her hips and legs. In the bottom left corner, a fire burns brightly in a dark fireplace. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting her skin and the texture of the wood paneling.

There is nothing like
spending lazy hours
before the fireplace,
with perhaps a snifter of
brandy on hand, to provide
a mellow nightcap to the
day's adventures. It's
an inviting scene—one
that's given a rare added
touch by Irmgard, as
she turns this hunting
retreat into a treat.





THE HORIZONTAL SELL

There's no place for women in big business and there's no place for sentiment in

the executive suite. These were things Wally believed in, but he was proved wrong!



THE FINANCIAL PAGE of the Times never looked brighter to Wally Winters than it did on the day that General Products Corporation came under new management. The reason was simply that over a caption that said, "GENERAL PRODUCTS NAMES NEW PRESIDENT," was Wally's own snug face.

When the reporter from the Times had asked him why Sly Sam Lark had vacated the presidency, Wally told him that Sam had been sick, which was not completely untrue. And when the reporter asked why Wally had been selected to succeed him, he said that he was too modest to enumerate the reasons, also not completely untrue.

The completely true story was not fit for the Times to print. It started simply enough a year earlier.

As was his custom, in visiting the offices of General Products executives, Sam Lark arrived unannounced with the delicacy of a Gestapo officer. It was Sam's way of finding out about a man. If the executive appeared flustered by the president's sudden intrusion, or did not seem to hold up well under Sam's grinning stare, then he was probably an embezzler, or at least disloyal to General Products in his thoughts.

When Sly Sam barged into Wally's office, Wally was reading a sales report and yawning. He finished yawning and put down the sales report before smiling and wishing Sam a good afternoon. Sam's sudden appearance did not shake Wally in the least. As v.p. in charge of sales, he had a clean conscience. Everything, from the cake mix to the detergent, was moving well and besides Sam's secretary had called Wally to warn him that her boss was on his way over.

"Good afternoon, Wally," said Sam.

"Sit down, Sam. Anything special I can do for you today?" Wally asked.

Sam sat down. "You know, people around here forget that I have a boss too. I've got the board of directors to contend with. You people only have me to worry about. But when I'm on the carpet, we're all on the carpet. They had me on the carpet yesterday, Wally." "What's up?"

"Well, those gentlemen of the board own 35% of the stock in this company between them, so when they don't like something, I take care of it fast. They don't like big expense accounts, or as the chairman put it, 'girlie accounts'."

Wally could feel a problem being eased into his lap. It was his job to entertain customers, scads and scads of General Products' customers. The bill for an evening's entertainment, usually consisting of food, drink, hotel and girl, started up at two hundred dollars per customer.

Sam continued: "I explained to the board that this was an inevitable expense, an unavoidable cost. They were convinced, but demanded that I find a means of cutting the cost. A major breakthrough, if necessary."

"I was presented with this problem yester- (Cont. p. 60)



A BILLIONAIRE HAS A FLING...

When Paul Getty threw a recent house-warming
it turned into the hottest party of the year.



Steel band (top) was one of three combos Getty hired for his shindig. After the revels got underway some guests went swimming while others were thrown into pool, clothed (below). Sad victim was photographer David Steen (opp. page).



ACCORDING to best authority there's only one billionaire in the world—and that man is Paul Getty. Thus it shouldn't be surprising that when this 20th Century Croesus throws a party, he comes up with a blast that defies imagination.

Recently, at his Sutton Place mansion in Guildford, England, Getty gave an example of his unrivaled hostmanship with an eye-popping house-warming at which 1,200 persons were assembled. To liven up the doings, the billionaire party thrower hired three bands, gave away 10,000 flowers to his female guests, served 5,000 hot dogs, as well as gallons of whiskey, wine and champagne. To boot, he also tossed in a dairy festival.

The get-together at Getty's house included numerous notables, among whom were actor Douglas Fairbanks Jr.; British government VIPs, Robin Douglas Home and Duncan Sandys; Vittorio Soppi, Italy's ambassador to England; the Duke and Duchess of Argyll and Lord and Lady Beatty. Yet, as highly stationed as some of the guests were, all found themselves demonstrably awed by the greenbacked splendor of the billionaire's party—a splendor that harked back to the bygone days of Edwardian leisure, when such affairs were easily within the means of mere millionaires.

Quite understandably the affair got off to a somber, stately start. As the guests arrived, they were greeted by a serenading trio, consisting of an accordianist, a clarinetist and a guitarist. Conversations ranged stiffly from formal topics of government and high finance (Cont. on p. 52)





to problems of civic advancement and charities. It took a little time for the dazzled visitors to get unwound, but as the evening wore on, the mood for frolicking got better. The Edwardian veneer began to dissolve in the cascades of liquor that were consumed. Music that had been mostly of the waltz and slow fox trot variety gave way to the livelier rhumbas, sambas, mambos, calypsos and—of course—twists.

Suddenly everybody became aware that the party's mood had changed, and the time for whooping it up had come.

Some of the guests changed into swimming suits, leaped into the pool and began frolicking about. Others jumped in without bothering to undress. A few of the funsters, eager for additional playmates, began throwing more reticent guests, clothes and all, into the water. One unhappy casualty of the melee turned out to be photographer David Steen, who emerged from the pool, dripping wet, with his camera ruined. Undaunted by the damage they had done, frolickers tried to toss Steen back into the pool but were held off by less inebriated party-goers.

By dawn the quiet voices of the early evening had long given way to raucous snorts and shrill giggles. There were still plenty of guests left. And why not? Nobody really wanted the once-in-a-lifetime billionaire's fling to end.

Inhibitions went out the window at the billionaire's house-warming. Guest (top) found it unnecessary to retire to the powder room when her underskirt required fixing. A more sedate twosome (below, left) help to polish off the more than 5,000 hot dogs served. Hapless photographer, Steen, his camera ruined, fights off funsters who try to toss him back into pool.





Setting the Scene

For a model to make herself easy to look at, it isn't as easy as it looks—even when the model happens to be one of the best around, pulchritudinous Pooh Blair.

Just as the ads say,
having hair that
looks carefree needs
putting every
strand in place.
Pooh labors with care
over her nifty
hairdo-it-yourself.



See next page

It's pin down time,
and Pooh is
racing against the
clock to make
sure her bangs are
in shape by the
time the flash bulbs
start popping.





See what all the fuss was about?
It was worth it, wasn't it? You have
to admit that this lass who's as
pretty as a picture has certainly
come up with another success.

A big reason why
photographers often
ask for Pooh's
services is the fact
that she never
pooh poohs the chores
that can make the
snapping of pictures
seem like a snap.





The scene has been set and the job is well done.
It's an accomplishment that never fails to give a model
and photographer a feeling of "camera-derie."



YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW THE LANGUAGE

to make love around the world, but when in Rome . . .

BY RALPH BLAIR

IN THE MURKY HALF-LIGHT thrown by street lamps and nearby cafes, a familiar sisterhood can be seen strolling down the lanes of Moscow's Gorki Park. Less well-dressed than their Parisian counterpart, less hard-boiled than their London sisters, less sentimental than the Italian variety, and not nearly so clear as their German cousins, these girls, nevertheless, speak an international language, just as do all the others.

How does a man go about striking up an acquaintance with one of them—not, to be sure, for business reasons, but just, perhaps, to discuss how business is?

"In Russia," said a newspaperman just back from there, "you just nod your head, hard and fast, and say, 'Da, da—da, da—'"

And after that, what do you do?

"Well," reported our Russian correspondent, "mostly, you walk. Or you ride the subways. Sometimes, she has a friend along, and at some critical point, the friend disappears. Meanwhile, with appropriate gestures, you have managed to make her understand a few words of basic English, such as, 'Where do you live?' and, 'Do you live alone?' And she, in turn, has managed to teach you a Russian word meaning 'pay.' They're a pretty capitalistic lot."

They're so capitalistic, and so busy, in fact, that they can be seen at the central Intourist exchange station plunking down wads of foreign currency in return for even bigger wads of rubles, although the girls who stroll Gorki Park charge only one ruble, or the American equivalent of ten cents, for their services.

Unfortunately, however, because sanitation facilities

in Russia are crude to say the least, it takes a strong stomach to get close to most of their ladies of the evening. Most people live four and five to a room, and in about fifty percent of the cases, primitive toilet facilities are out of doors and baths and showers are a capitalistic luxury.

"I decided," said our college friend, "that the way to convert the Russians to capitalism was not to send them copies of 'Amrika' but to send them a few Crane bathroom appliances. Two or three minutes in a modern bathroom and they'd be coming over to our side in droves."

Since there are no dry cleaning establishments, the girls' clothing is apt to be on the messy side. This isn't helped by the fact that, for some reason, Russian girls—



and men, too, we hear—don't want to take their clothes off when they make love. Perhaps because, at Russia's sky high prices, they waited so long to get a decent dress or a decent suit they're reluctant to part with it, even for a minute.

"Also," we were given one final word of advice on how to make love to a Russian, "it's better to close your eyes when you kiss them. Most of them have had dental work done, and it's pretty crude dental work. The cutest girl I met in Moscow was a dream until she smiled—and then I found myself smiling back into a row of steel teeth. You feel as though you're about to kiss a robot!"

But why, we wanted to know, in the so-called workers paradise where there is no unemployment, no poverty, no hardship, are there ladies of the evening, who are traditionally supposed to be driven to the streets only because of desperate financial need?

"They aren't there because of any desperate financial need," we were told. "They're there mostly because they're lonely."

They sit for long hours in the railroad stations of Moscow or Leningrad. They take up their posts in the plush lobbies of such hotels as Sovetskaya and Metropole. Their dresses are shapeless, their hair is bleached, their lips and cheeks are heavy with make-up. They sit and stare at the wealthy foreigners who come and go, and sooner or later a man approaches, smiles, gestures that he'd like one of the girls to join him. One rises, without any particular animation, and falls into step beside him. Eventually, they may make love in her apartment—sometimes with other girls or members of the family in the same room—or in the hall of some war-marked apartment house, or in the grass of Gorki park if the weather is good. Wherever it is, the basic price is the same—one ruble—and the girl is the same, too: they're always tired-looking, their shoes are always broken and badly mended, and they never wear stockings because nylons are still unheard of except for Russia's political nobility.

"Having a date with a nice Russian girl," reported a young man from a Southern college after his visit to Moscow with the American Exhibition, "is a cinch. Sex doesn't mean a thing to them. They just toss it off with a, 'doesn't everybody?' air."

Many of these girls attend the University, most of them speak some English, but for the ones who don't, an arm about the shoulder, the ritualistic kiss and the gift of a pair of stockings or a cake of soap will clinch the bargain. Russian females are intensely interested in the dating habits of young Americans, and fascinated by our emphasis on sex. "Why?" asked one young girl curiously, "do you Americans talk so much about sex? Here we just say yes, or no, and that is all."

The ritual in Paris is much more complicated. There, along the dark alleyways of the Montmartre, the Flea Circus, the Place Pigalle, the French courtesan plies her trade with all the passion of a Latin lover determined not to be spurned. They all know three basic English words: "Love for money?" And all the foreigner has to say is, "Oui" or "Pas de soir," meaning, "not tonight, honey."

Unlike the Russian girl, the Parisian *Fille*, either amateur or professional, doesn't hunt in packs, but is a lone wolf. In fact, she'll turn fiercely on any girl trying to get between her and her prey. An arm linked in his,

the man will, after a suitable number of francs have passed hands, be practically dragged into a dark hallway, up five flights of stairs to a tiny, sunless attic room, and there, on a bed that has served many men well on many nights, the classic embrace will occur in a quick, businesslike way.

To meet a nice French girl who doesn't speak English, the young American man has only to park himself at a table under any striped awning of any Parisian cafe on any fair day. He will find dozens of cute French girls seated around him. All the man has to do is indicate that he would like to buy the girl of his choice a drink, and he will soon find out whether or not his advances are welcome. A few basic phrases will get him from there to wherever the girl decides he's to go.

"*Je t'aime*" meaning, "I like you," will do for a starter while the drinks arrive. If he's a fast worker, "*Qu'est-*



ce-ce la maison a vous?" asks her where she lives, and the next question might well be, "Voulez-vous venir avec moi a la maison a vous?" which means, very loosely translated, "Let's go up to your house!"

But, many French girls do not like American men. They complain that American men are reluctant to spend the necessary time courting or wooing a girl. A French girl likes lots of sweet talk before and after. This is important to remember. You needn't speak French if you indicate that you have the financial wherewithal to show her a good time. She may go on a date with her French boy friend and consider a stroll along the Seine to be the height of an evening's fun; or a five mile walk to a restaurant where a meal for two can be had for the American equivalent of two dollars may satisfy her with a native beau. But when she dates an American, money speaks a language all its own, and you may rest assured that your Parisian girl friend will double back on her tracks if she takes you shopping, and collect her commission for whatever you were sold.

You can have fun in France if you can afford it, otherwise your best bet is Italy, and the best city not Rome, but Venice. Here, amid the strange silence which comes as a result of the total absence of highways or traffic, a romantic mood creeps into

(Cont. on p. 69)

SISTER ACT



*When it's a family affair, modeling couldn't be nicer—as
is proved by this woosome twosome, blondiful Charlene Mathias
and her raven-tressed sister, Rita.*



Save for their hair, the girls may look like two peas in a pod, but there are other differences, too. For example, Rita is the quiet type, and likes to read a lot.



Charlene, on the other hand, is more outgoing and outdoorsy, to boot. Yet together these beauties blend like Pat and Mike. You could say—like Rita and Charlene.



A former swimming champion, Charlene still spends her leisure hours in the water. Recently she was able to mix work and play by modeling for swimming pool ads.



When she was a young girl, Rita tried to learn horseback riding, but to little avail. Yet, an amusement park had horse sense enough to hire her for its display.

Once in awhile the girls work together, though most often they solo. Yet, as Rita seems to be saying, opening doors to new modeling jobs is easy for both.



THE HORIZONTAL SELL

(Continued from page 49)

day, Wally. Today I have a solution. I didn't sleep last night, but today I have a solution. Let me tell you, I worked at it. First, I thought, 'Let's get cheaper girls.' No good. General Products does not scrimp on quality. Then I thought, 'Why not buy the girls outright somehow or get them on a long-term lease?' No good. White slavery is very illegal and besides the depreciation costs would be outrageous.

"How about stag parties?" Sam went on. "Get the girls in wholesale lots. Again no good. Our customers are mostly married men who wouldn't want to get involved in a group operation.

"Now, Wally, before I give you my solution, I want you to give me yours. I really would like to know what you would do in my place."

"I'm sure it won't make the slightest bit of difference," Wally said, "but I'm in favor of eliminating the whole bit with the girls. I think I can sell General Products without any help from the oldest profession. I believe that we offer a better product than our competition."

Sam looked at Wally warmly. "Wally, you are absolutely right. What you said doesn't make the slightest bit of difference."

Wally, finding the discussion amusing, grinned.

Sam spoke. "And now for my solution, which is the best one after all. The first step, pay close attention, Wally, is to dispose of our entire sales force. That's right, Wally, two weeks pay and out for the entire sales staff, excepting yourself, of course."

"But, Sam," Wally protested, "most of the men have families and..."

"Now now, Wally, don't be so softhearted. This is a big, rich economy. They'll be absorbed quickly enough. Besides, you interrupted me before I could finish telling my plan. I assure you, it's genius."

Wally sat back and listened.

"Now," Sam continued, "we need a new sales force. Right? The new sales force will be recruited from the young ladies, who have been handling our evening customer relations on a free-lance basis."

Wally wasn't sure whether or not Sam was joking, so he stared at him stupidly.

The ladies will be given the same incentive that our salesmen have had: salary against commission, with the bonus deal payable in General Products common stock. The girls may use any selling technique that they feel comes, uh, naturally to them. They will not be told to exchange feminine charms for sales, but they will not be told not to.

Wally, this is your baby. Make the most of it."

Wally stood up, his mind reducing resignation speech to four letter words, but he said nothing. He knew that once more he would take the easy way and comply and keep his job. Sam watched him attentively, and then smiled and left the office.

Wally unfolded the Times and looked at the financial page again. Satisfied that his photo was still there, he slapped the paper down on his oversized desk and got up to investigate his new office. He still had twenty minutes before the board meeting; his first board of directors meeting.

Wally admired Sam's taste in decorating his office. "Nobody is all bad," he thought. The office was a tasteful combination of wood paneling and genuine leather upholstery. None of this modern razzle-dazzle. It was what you might expect in a fine, old London club and then Wally remembered that the same could be said of Sam's Scotch. Wally stepped behind the bar and helped himself to a double.

"Mr. Winters, the directors' meeting is in a few minutes," his secretary, Laura, said from the doorway.

"Come on in, Laura."

Laura was more than a secretary. She was Wally's right arm; the most beautiful arm, right or left, he had ever had. Some said that she was the power behind the new throne. She was all lady, walking across the office to the bar and perching on a stool facing Wally.

"Drink, Laura?"

"No, thanks."

"Kiss?" He didn't wait for an answer, but just leaned over and planted an affectionate kiss.

"Oh, Wally."

"Mr. Winters," he corrected her.

"Well, here's to our new office," he said, describing a wide arc with his glass. "We should really drink one to Sam Lark. He was pretty sharp after all."

Wally was referring to Sly Sam's scheme for making saleswomen out of call girls. It had been fun, except for having to fire all of the old salesmen. The personnel interviews, which Wally had held himself, were not dull. That was how he had met Laura. She had come in for a job as a secretary and somehow had gotten mixed in with a group of the sales applicants.

One of the girls he had just hired, a gorgeous but completely unwhole-some type blonde, was backing out of his office. Laura was next and she was coming in at the same time.

"And don't forget, honey," the blonde was warning Wally, "when

you come through San Antonio, I don't want you staying at any hotels. You'll stay at my place."

Laura's mouth hung open and she looked curiously at Wally.

"Okay, sweetie, come on in. Now turn around and walk to the window. Come on back and let's see your legs."

This was Laura's first interview since her arrival in New York and Wally made the whole thing sound so very routine that she lifted her skirt about a foot.

"Very nice," Wally said, making notes. "What's your name? Your real name?"

"Laura Chambers."

"Any special part of the country you'd like to work?"

Before she could answer, Sam Lark came into the room behind her and playfully swatted her bottom and walked right by her to Wally's desk as if she were just another head of livestock.

"How's it going?" Sam asked Wally.

Wally ignored Sam's question. He was staring at the expression on Laura's face. It had changed from amazement to you'll-live-to-regret-that-mister. Any of the other girls would probably have laughed.

"Sam, I'll call you in a little while. Just let me finish this interview."

"Sure, Wally. Call me."

As he walked out he threw a tricky backhand behind Laura. Now she looked as if she might cry.

"Miss Chambers, are you really interested in this kind of work? I mean, do you have any experience?" Wally asked.

"Not really a lot of experience. Only what I learned at the school back in Michigan. I was near the top of my class. And they sent us out for some real experience a few times before graduation."

"School? You mean there are schools for this? In Michigan yet?" Wally's voice had become high-pitched.

"I didn't see why you're so surprised, Mr. Winters. There are schools all over the country, and correspondence courses too. I took an intensified course myself."

"You did?"

"Yes, I learned shorthand, typing and filing methods in less than six months."

Wally, who had gotten to his feet, dropped back in his chair and covered his face with his hands. His shoulders rolled with laughter. When he took his hands away, his face was red and there were tears in the corners of his eyes. He roared again and a receptionist poked her head in to see if he was all right.

"You're a secretary," he said, still laughing.

Laura looked annoyed. "I don't see that it's so funny, Mr. Winters. I happen to be very good. I was near

the top of my class. I'm darned good." "Please, please," he screamed, "my sides are splitting!" Wally finally contained himself and looked again at the pretty, flushed face. "Let me explain." He told her the whole story.

Laura was shocked but amused. "They wouldn't believe this back in Michigan."

"Would you still like a job here? As a secretary, of course," Wally asked.

She nodded.

"Okay, then you'll work for me. I'm going to need a sensible woman around if I'm going to shape a sales crew from these girls. And we'll make a rule that they have to call you madam."

"Thanks just the same."

"Okay, then I'll take you to lunch instead."

"That's better," Laura said.

The interviewing had been fun, Wally had to admit. He poured himself another Scotch. And Laura, who sat now in front of the little bar, had turned out to be a hell of a secretary. She took care of all his dealings with the girls, at her own suggestion. She even got her own secretary because her own job had gotten so big. Strangely the girls seemed to love her. They confided in Laura and found that they could trust her. She felt maternal towards them in spite of their vast experience in certain areas.

The program, itself, was succeeding far beyond what Sly Sam could have hoped for. Production was unable to keep up with orders. All over the country, little grocers and big super market chains were pushing General Products and neglecting their competitors.

General Products was making money and so were the girls. The girls were collecting commissions and stock bonuses that made their high-priced hooker days look like poverty. They were doing so well that Sam Lark was becoming visibly upset. He would mutter things about General Products going socialist, until one day he could take no more.

He marched into Wally's office. Wally and Laura were coffee-break-ing.

"Good morning, Sam. Coffee?" Wally offered.

"No coffee. I want to talk." He looked at Laura. "You can wait outside, Miss Chambers."

"It's all right. I'll tell her what you said when you leave anyway, so she might as well stay," Wally said.

Laura didn't move.

"Okay," Sam said, "now listen, Wally, this is getting ridiculous. Ridiculous. Some of your girls are making more money than I am. I'm president of General Products. Some of them hold more stock than I do."

"What can I do, Sam, they're

earning it. They're entitled to it." "We've got to do something," Sam yelled.

"Do you want to hold back sales?" Wally asked.

"No."

"Then what?"

"Well, cheat them. They don't keep track. I'll bet, so short change them a little."

"Cheat?" Wally screamed.

Sam turned on his reasonable voice. "Look, these broads will never know what happened. There's no reason for so much money falling into their hands. They don't need it and our first loyalty is to General Products."

"But General Products is showing the biggest profit in the industry," Wally protested. "It isn't right to give the girls a short count. It's stealing."

"Wally, I know it isn't strictly ethical. You may thing what I want to do is rotten and despicable, but I'm sure that I can find you a successor who will think that it's just fine. What do you say, Wally? Either you do it or someone else will. It makes no difference to General Products, but the difference to you is your job."

Wally stood up. He looked at Laura, whose face was an emotional blank, and then at Sam. "I'm afraid I'm out. And as for a successor, I think you're going to have to look pretty low to find someone to do your stealing for you."

Sam turned to Laura. "What do you think, Miss Chambers? Am I so wrong?"

"I admire Mr. Winters' idealism, but business is business. You either bite or get bitten. Anything goes as far as I'm concerned," Laura said.

"Hear that, Wally? Those were wise words," Sam said. "Those were the words of your new successor, if Miss Chambers is agreeable."

"I'll serve General Products in any way that you think I'd be most effective, Mr. Lark." She sounded like an automaton.

Wally was gripping the edge of his desk with white fingers. "I'll have my belongings out of here inside the hour."

"Wally, finish your drink," Laura said now. "We're late for the meeting."

"Before we go, I owe you an apology, you know," said Wally. "Don't be silly. What for?"

"For almost being your murderer when I thought you betrayed me to Sam," he said.

"Understandable, though you should have listened to me when I kept trying to talk to you on the phone."

"How was I supposed to know what you were up to. I didn't even know that the girls had collected that much stock," Wally pleaded.

"Well, luckily I knew." (Cont.)

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"Luckily, you were sharp enough to realize that they had the votes to take over General Products."

Laura smiled. "And mad enough to travel all over the country to organize their votes."

"And thanks for the nice job," Wally said.

"Well, you just happened to be available. Now, let's go in and face that board of directors."

They entered the boardroom and the directors were already there and seated, waiting for them. There was Ava who had covered the Los Angeles area, and Linda who had Minneapolis, and Liza, and Winnie, and Anne. They were dripping with the stuff that made Tiffany's famous.

Wally and Laura sat down, and Ava, a tall blonde, who was chair-

woman, stood up to have her say.

"Mr. Winters," she said, "your first order as president of General Product is to accept the en masse resignation of the entire sales staff. We're too rich to work anymore and besides we feel that General Products' products are too general, aside from being very immoral." The members of the board giggled.

"You may rehire your old sales staff, if you'd like. As a matter of fact, you may do anything you please, except give a job to Sam Lark Meeting adjourned."

The girls got up and formed a line in front of Wally and each one kissed him goodbye.

"There's no business like big business," Wally said to Laura when the board of directors had left. •

HOW TO CHASE WOMEN

(Continued from page 44)

sandpipers entertain you with their erratic investigations. You can also lie on the beach and ignore the sandpipers altogether!

Golf may be the sport of presidents and kings but as a bachelor's game it is a poor choice. Immediately, you must submit to the vagaries of a rolling sphere. A tiny blade of grass or a clod of dirt can elevate your status to hero or nose-dive it to humiliation. Today, the public has so widely taken up golf that its former elite image is lost.

The consummate sport for bachelors is sailing a swift sloop. Sailing and its related arts have always been allied to America's fashionable. You can buy a modest sloop in excellent condition for little over

a thousand dollars. Dockage costs for the season are negligible. The activity of readying the craft can be introduced as congenital play. The mending of sails, whipping and trimming of lines and a furniture finish from varnishing are projects that have concealed charm.

A touch of brass polish makes jewels of deck fittings. Even the procedures of signing in at the sailing club, collecting sails for your locker and finally getting underway have their ceremonial pleasures. Once you've cast off and a stiff breeze is heeling your sloop, give her the tiller and mainsail. Bachelor boy you're on the right track!

LATEST VOGUE OF "BRAIN WATCHING"

(Continued from page 41)

tremendous conning job which the testers pulled not only upon industry, but upon themselves—

Considering this situation, John Chamberlain, the book reviewer for *The Wall Street Journal*, wrote that if "*The Brain Watchers*" is even 50 percent true, there is no reason to look any further for the causes of the stock market decline. For what this book charges, in effect, is that there is nothing so stupid or so easily gullible as a great corporation.

The current rage for testing, in fact, can only be compared to the one for automation. Corporations are snapping at each other's heels in their haste to buy fancy computers which they don't need, which will cost them time and money and will probably break down. (Reversing this trend, recently, one outfit replaced an expensive automated conveyor-belt system with a single-man-run wheel-barrow!)

Like the computer, personality

tests give a company that 20th century look. Therefore, they let the brain watchers judge prospective employees by their answers to questions such as these which Gross quotes from a popular personality test:

"Do you daydream frequently?"

"Do you prefer to associate with people who are younger than you?"

"Are you troubled with the idea that people on the street are watching you?"

"Have books been more entertaining to you than companions?"

"Do you usually prefer spending an evening alone?"

"Are you usually considered to be indifferent to the opposite sex?"

"Do you often feel just miserable?"

Fantastic? Maybe. But the answers are studied in deadly earnest by the testers and many a promising career has been ruined by giving the wrong ones.

(Cont.)

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"The right answers on this sample are all emphatically 'No,'" Gross writes. "Even a minor admission that you occasionally prefer reading—and have been known to do it in solitude—can lose you irreplaceable personality points."

The basic method of outwitting the testers was disclosed back in 1956 by William H. Whyte, Jr., in his book, *The Organization Man*. Whyte's two general rules are well worth keeping in mind:

"(1) When asked for word associations or comments about the world, give the most conventional, run-of-the-mill, pedestrian answer possible. (2) To settle on the most beneficial answer to any question, repeat to yourself:

a) I loved my father and mother, but my father a little bit more.

b) I like things pretty well the way they are.

c) I never worry much about anything.

d) I don't care for books or music much.

e) I love my wife and children.

f) I don't let them get in the way of company work."

The person who takes his personality tests keeping these rules, and the more detailed ones that Gross gives, in mind, shouldn't have too much trouble finagling the testers.

The brain watchers, of course, have been upset by the fact that some people attempt to cheat them out of what they consider their legitimate prey and have taken steps to prevent it. In the first place, they try to come on as your buddy, your friend. They want to know you better in order to help and counsel you, therefore it is only self-defeating to lie.

Of course, anyone with a glimmer of sense knows that this "big-brother" approach is nonsense. A tester doesn't work for you. He works for the company, school or for whom-

ever else is paying his bill.

Actually, the poor soul who "flunks" a personality test gets into serious trouble. He may not be allowed to take advanced courses, no matter what his academic record is. He may even be termed a potential delinquent and shunted off to a "special" school! The same is true with adults who succumb to the testers outside the front doors of corporations.

According to one old-fashioned corporation executive who would not allow a personality tester in his place, "The best thing that is happening in the brain watching field is the rising tide of resistance against the tyranny of the testers."

There is no doubt that the tests are under fire. Many corporations, after using them for years, are now finding that they can get along even better without them.

During the last session of Congress, Representative John Ashbrook (Rep., Ohio) proposed a new law that would prohibit schools from giving personality tests to students without the consent of the parents.

"A child can be branded forever in his school records as a misfit or a potential neurotic without his parents knowing it," Ashford pointed out recently. "Who says the point of view of the adult scoring the child is correct?"

Though Ashford's bill, like two others before it, died in committee, it is picking up a growing amount of support. Despite the current and apparently growing powers of the testers, it may be just possible that they are approaching the end of their tether. As a nation, we have proved in the past that we are apt to go overboard for a fad; then, just as suddenly, turn our collective back on it. Perhaps in a few years, instead of "big brother" testing us, we will be testing "big brother," in order to learn how we stood him for so long.

AN HONEST AFFAIR

(Continued from page 19)

business, helped them with their problems, gave them a career. How can I take advantage of them, now?"

Having taken considerable advantage of several of J. G. Trumble's youngest and healthiest proteges, myself, I can't say that I was in 100 percent agreement with his viewpoint. However, he was the boss. "You're an honorable man, J. G.," I said.

"Yes, I am, aren't I?" he smiled agreeably. "I realize that I don't produce and direct masterpieces. But when I make a nudie film, it's the best damn nudie film that a man can make!"

"It's become an obsession with

me," he went on. "Every time I meet a new girl, even one who has nothing to do with the industry, I start to wonder if she's after something. Sometimes I take her back to my apartment, I turn on the hi-fi, light the room by the finest imitation candle-light money can buy, and then..."

"Yes?" I asked, interested in spite of myself. "Then...?"

"Then? Then, nothing. Then, I'm stopped. Stymied. I can't do a thing!"

He gave me a long, soulful look and I shot back some sympathy.

"Now, take it easy, J. G., I have an idea. There's a girl I know who might just go for you in a big way.



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"I think you're her type. Let's face it, J. G., you're intelligent, you're not bad looking . . . How old are you?"

"Middle thirties."

"Perfect. This babe's about 22, but she likes men who are older than she is—intellectual men that she can look up to."

J. G. started to preen himself. Then I saw his face fall. "But how do I know she'll like me for myself and not just want to get into a Trumble nudie?"

"But that's the beauty of my plan! She won't know who you are! Look, we'll tell her you're a . . . an insurance man, say. We'll even give you a new name—something like Jack Trask, maybe. Later on, after you get to know her better, you can tell her the truth if you want to."

"It is an idea."

"Sure it is. Listen, I'll try and fix up a date for you, then give you a call and tell you what gives. And don't worry. She'll be on the level with you."

"That's what I need," J. G. grinned, "an honest affair."

I was grinning, too, as I left J. G.'s office and drove back to my own far smaller set-up near Hollywood's business district. Things looked good, I thought. If I could fix up J. G. Trumble's love life, I should be able to tear up our old contract and sign him up for another five years!

Pruneface—that is, my secretary

STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, JULY 2, 1946 AND JUNE 11, 1960 (74 STAT. 208) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF

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3. The known bondholders, mort-

Miss Wills — greeted me with her customary sniff as I walked back into the office. Miss Wills did not approve of J. G. Trumble's movies or, for that matter, of me. And she was never hesitant about letting me know her feelings. I often wondered why she stuck around.

I knew very well why I kept her, however. When I first opened up, I had a real cute little chick working for me. Within three months, she had gone off on a long weekend with a rival publicity man—taking several bundles of confidential papers along with her!

Pruneface was so ugly that no matter how hungry a man was, he wouldn't romance her. In this business, you have to think of all the angles.

I told Miss Wills to get me Darla Jane on the phone. Pruneface sniffed twice. She approved of Darla even less than she approved of me or Trumble's films.

Darla was a blonde who had come to Hollywood about eight months ago from a little town in Wyoming. I ran into her at a party and, from the first, I knew one thing about her: This dame would do anything to get into movies.

She had the looks for it, I'll grant her that much. Her figure was the type that would evoke wolf whistles from a boy scout troop on a Sunday picnic. As for her face—a couple of hundred years ago she would have had a gang of poets following her around, writing odes to it.

In this town, a girl has to be "dissipates, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, state.) None.

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covered." That is, the right person has to see her at the right time. Directors, for example, condition themselves to say no to any girl they see in their offices. When they discover someone, everything must be accidental and arranged in such a way that they can congratulate themselves on how clever they are.

In other words, Darla needed a showcase. Which is why she hung around with me. I was supposed to rig up some kind of publicity situation that would get her a movie contract.

As for my motives, they were not so professional. I had known a number of good-looking girls who had come to Hollywood to get into films. And my motto was do what you can for them (usually very little), and get what you can out of them.

And Darla might not have much money to help me pay the office expenses, but her companionship was pleasant, indeed, on those long Hollywood nights.

Yes, Darla was pleasant to think about. But she was even nicer to talk to. And, right now, Pruneface was signaling me that she had her on the other end of the wire.

"How about dinner, tonight?" I asked. "I may have some good news for you."

"You've said that before, sugar." Darla's voice came through low and sweet.

I grinned. Darla was beginning to get feisty. If I didn't do something concrete for her pretty soon, she'd be telling me to go to hell. Well, perhaps today would be a lucky day for both of us.

I was thinking the same thing later on at my place, as I watched Darla undress.

"What are you staring at?" Darla asked, coming to a halt with her brassiere half off.

"Don't stop," I said, hastily. "I was just . . . I was just thinking that you are the most beautiful girl on the West coast; and the East coast, too, for that matter."

"Well, the most beautiful girl on the West and East coasts wants to know when she is going to wind up in front of a movie camera?"

"Let's not talk about that, now," I murmured. "Come here . . ."

"Wait a minute."

"No." I pulled her to me.

It was delightful, so delightful that I hated to tell her my idea. But, then, I did need to wrap up J. G. And with Darla's mood changing, I couldn't be too certain of how many of these delightful evenings I'd have left, no matter what I did.

So I told her just what I had said to J. G.

"What do you want me to do about it?" she asked.

"I'm going to make a date for him

to meet you. Remember, you think he's Jack Trask, insurance man. And you have absolutely no ambitions to get into one of Trumble's pictures."

"It's a dirty trick," she said. "I won't do it."

"But . . ."

"And, anyway, will it do me any good to be in a nudie?"

"Sure it will. That's a perfect showcase for somebody from the major studios to discover a girl with your . . . ah . . . charms."

"In that case . . ."

Within five minutes, she had herself talked into it. A good girl, that Darla. I would miss her, but a man must make sacrifices for the future.

I called J. G. the way I said I would and set up a date for him to meet Darla. All I had to do then was let nature take its course.

I was surprised, however, not to hear from either one of them for almost a month. I tried to get in touch with Trumble several times, but his office told me he was out of town. At first when Darla did not return my calls, I breathed easier. But later I began to miss her. I figured that nature was working, and who is a mere man to interfere with that? Yet, I still missed Darla.

When J. G. finally did phone me and told me to show up at his place the next morning, I decided that life was good, after all.

"You were right," he said. "She is a marvelous girl, a wonderful girl. You have no idea what it feels like to be loved for yourself alone. Why she didn't even know my real name until just before we were married."

"You were what . . . ?"

"Married. That's one of the things I wanted to tell you. We've just come back from our honeymoon."

"Oh." I was trying to digest things. "Congratulations."

"Thank you. I really must thank you again for introducing us. You know, that Darla is an amazing girl. For someone who had no interest in the picture business before we got married, she's come up with some terrific suggestions."

"Like what?"

"She wants me to do art films. Real art films. She said that a man of my talents is wasted in this field. What do you think?"

"Oh, she's right," I said, my head still spinning.

"I'm glad you agree. I'm starting one next month. And, though she doesn't know about it yet, I may star Darla in the film."

"I see."

"I realize she has no experience, but I think she has a natural talent that's worth even more."

"Oh, she has natural talent, all right," I said.

"There's just one more thing." He hesitated a moment, then set his face

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with the look of a man who has an unpleasant duty to get over. "I hope you won't think I'm ungrateful. I mean, personally, I'll always be in your debt, but as far as the studio is concerned . . ."

"Yes?" My stomach started to sink.

"Well, now that we're doing art films, we'll need a different publicity outfit."

"I see. Was that Darla's idea, too?"

"How did you guess? She said that

THE WOMAN BOWL

(Continued from page 33)

Perhaps he would give me an excuse to get rid of our esteemed president. Dave was an assistant coach whom I used for scouting duties. I had sent him to watch the Hoffnoster game in order to see if they had anything new up their sleeves.

"Take a load off your feet," I said. "Relax."

But he didn't. He just stood there, staring at me, his face white. "They won," he said, at last.

"Who won?"

"Hoffnoster. They won 48 to 42."

"But . . ." I stammered. "They were playing Cranley, weren't they? That's the team which beat us."

"I know."

I tried to smile at President Mitchel, as though this whole conversation was a joke. But our leader wasn't smiling. I took a deep breath. "All right," I said. "Now, you tell me. Hoffnoster's been a patsy all season. What did they suddenly pull?"

"A dress rehearsal for next week, I'm afraid," Dave said. Then he went on. "It was the damndest thing I've ever seen on a football field. At first, everything went according to Hoyle: Cranley walked all over them. Half way through the third quarter, Cranley was ahead 42 to zero. Then Hoffnoster put in a whole new team!"

"A new team?"

"Yes. Eleven substitutions. But get this: Each of them was female, and each sexier than the next!"

"But that's against the rules, isn't it?" I turned to President Mitchel. "Don't all players have to wear a regulation uniform, including all the padding and protection that goes with it?" I waited for the president to answer my silly grin. When he didn't I had a sinking feeling. "Or am I wrong?" I asked.

"I'm afraid you are, my boy. You see, our little conference has always gone its own way. We don't belong to any outside associations, and the rule book we follow is our own."

"And that means?"

"When the rule concerning uniforms was written, a couple of the colleges couldn't afford real outfits. Therefore, all it said was that when

you'd understand. How did she put it? She said that we'd need someone less associated with sex."

"Goodby," I said, walking groggily to the door.

"You're not sore?"

I didn't bother to answer. But, actually, I wasn't sore. I mean, what with such a dish as Darla so completely sewed up by him now, I was probably better off not being around, after all.

uniforms are worn, they must be appropriate. And from what Mr. Berry said, the Hoffnoster coeds wore perfectly appropriate uniforms —appropriate to them!"

"The rule was never changed?"

"No one thought it needed to be. As long as we all were using regulation equipment, there didn't seem to be a reason to rewrite the book. I admit there's reason now. But until the end of the season what Hoffnoster is doing is perfectly legal."

"I see. But how about girls playing football. Does it say anything about that?"

"No. All it says is that a player must be an enrolled student of the college that fields the team. There's no stipulation about sex. I don't suppose anyone thought that would be necessary, either."

I sank back in my chair, trying to stop my head from reeling. There was complete silence for a while. Finally, President Mitchel stood up.

"I see you have your work cut out for you," he said. "Frankly, I'd be happier if an older, more experienced man were at the helm in these troubled times. But the Board of Trustees chose you and as long as you're here, you will do your best, I'm sure."

"Yes, sir. You can count on that."

"Well, just make certain that your best is good enough. I'd hate to be in the shoes of the first Beans coach to lose to Hoffnoster." With those cheery words, he left.

For the rest of the week I saw very little of Gael. I was concentrating on just one thing: Winning the Hoffnoster game.

It seemed to me that I had two chances. In the first place, I felt that Hoffnoster would play it in the same manner that they did against Cranley, and not put the coeds in until some time in the third quarter. By that time, our men's resistance would be down and the girls would still be fresh and bouncy. Therefore, my first chance was to run up as many points as possible before the girls came in.

In addition, I decided to turn my team into a bunch of women haters.

This is not an easy thing to do

with a bunch of young, healthy males. But I tried. I got every text I could find on misogyny and gave them long lectures on it. I made them stay away from their own girls so that any hatred I gave them would not be tempered. I even made them learn a war cry from Nietzsche: "When you go to a woman, take a whip!"

I saw Gael the night before the game and told her what I had done. "Clever," she said. "Do you think it will work?"

"I don't know. I hope so."

"Well, don't worry, dear," she said, kissing me. "If worst comes to worst, I have a plan."

The next afternoon, the stadium was filled. During the first half, everyone there did nothing but cheer. The boys rolled up seven touchdowns and at the end of the second quarter the score was 49 to nothing.

This was good, but I knew that the real test was just beginning.

Between halves I gave the team a pep-talk, reminding them once more of what they would have to face and telling them what would happen to their beloved coach if they failed. When I was all through, I held them up for an extra minute:

"When you go to a woman, what do you take?" I cried.

"A whip!" they shouted back.

We made seven more points before the girls came out.

They were even sexier looking than I had expected. Their T-shirts were extra-tight, revealing a kind of chest expansion that was far more at home in a sports car than on a football field. Their shorts were cut high and fitted snugly around their thighs and bottoms. They were female, all right. There was no doubt about that.

My boys' eyes looked like they were going to pop out. The girls skipped gayly down the field and the boys stared at them, their eyes travelling before, behind, up down and all points in between.

And after all my lessons on misogyny? Maybe it would have been wiser not to have kept them away from girls this week, after all.

Hoffnoster made a touchdown. I called a time out.

"All right, men," I said, desperately. "When you go to a woman, what do you take?"

"Perfume?" asked one.

"Flowers?"

"I know. Nylon stockings!"

I went back to the bench and buried my head in my hands.

The score became 56 to 55. It was only a matter of time.

Then a finger tapped my shoulder and Gael's voice sounded in my ear.

"Put us in," she said.

"Huh?"

I turned to look at her and my mouth fell open. She was standing with ten other girls whom I recognized as belonging to various players on my team. They were dressed in T-shirts and shorts that were every bit as skimpy as those of the Hoffnoster girls. The only difference was that their uniforms were Beans green instead of Hoffnoster blue.

"Don't waste time arguing. You want some players who won't stand around gaping at those dames? Then put us in."

If I'd been in my right mind, I would have chased her home. But at that point I was too groggy.

The Hoffnoster girls were shocked. They looked over at their coach who merely shrugged his shoulders. He was as puzzled as they were.

If our league had its own rule book, the girls had never bothered to read it. Anything went, and the players prudently stayed out of harm's way.

Our girls were out for blood. On the very first play, their blonde quarterback tried to throw the ball, was hit with an elbow and did what any lady would have done under the circumstances: She dropped the football. A teammate fell on it, but they had lost twelve yards.

And that wasn't all they lost. All over the field, Hoffnoster girls lay on the grass, clutching various sensitive portions of their bodies. As they started to rise, a mighty roar came up from the stands: Their blue

T-shirts were all torn off!

On the next play, the Beans girls made an equally successful sortie against the Hoffnoster brassieres. The enemy coach screamed with rage and tried to cry foul. The referees were much too interested in watching the scenery and told him to mind his own business.

The Hoffnoster girls managed to line up for the third down. But they were far more interested in protecting their exposed assets than they were in playing any sort of game. The blonde quarterback caught the ball, dropped it to the ground and ran screeching from the field, her teammates close behind.

As it was, several of the slower ones were thrown to the ground and divested of their briefs.

The Hoffnoster male team came marching slowly back, and I sent my own men back to face them. It was almost an anticlimax when we scored two more touchdowns.

After the game, President Mitchel gave me a new signed contract.

"There is only one thing," I said to Gael, sometime later. "Everyone thinks that this whole affair was my idea."

"I know. That's what I told them."

"But then they shouldn't hire me as coach. You're the strategist they really want!"

"But they'll get me—once we're married."

And we were. And that, I suppose, is the end of it.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KNOW THE LANGUAGE

(Continued from page 57)

everyone's blood. Venice is a city where no one sleeps, where lights glare into your hotel window all night, gondoliers sing, musicians play, and then, just as you're about to doze off, around five in the morning, the church bells take over where the night life left off and you're awake again.

But in San Marco square, where millions of pigeons come daily to be fed by the American tourists, any young man can find a girl to his liking. Here, young Italian girls, eager to meet rich Americans, can be found sitting around the fountains or strolling, arm in arm, laughing and chatting while their eyes single out the men and flirt with them in a language anyone can understand.

The Italian girl is, above all, a sentimentalist. She wants love. She is primitive. She is eager. As the American troops stationed in Italy found out, her one aim in life is to please her man.

"I had one," sighed a returning serviceman, "who would do anything, anything at all that I asked her. She'd go all the way home—five miles out of town—and if I

called and asked her to dinner, she'd turn around and bicycle all the way back again. The language? No, I never learned Italian. Who has to, with a girl like that one?"

No one has to speak Italian to make love in Italy. The whole country speaks love and of love. The men accost the women openly and, with suitable internationally understood gestures, make known their wants. The young girls do the same thing, and there's no touch of the French mercenary here.

Even the police cooperate, in fact, and since most Italian policemen speak some English, a friendly one will be glad to interpret you to the girl of your choice. Then, seated at a table for two along the canal that flows past the magnificent Palace of the Doges, wrapping spaghetti around your fork, your eyes gazing into hers will tell her what you want and, in Italy, the chances are pretty good that you'll get it—and for free.

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lent everywhere on the continent and, of course, in Russia. Unfortunately, it has also kept them well supplied with foreign currencies of all sorts.

"Most German girls speak some English," a recently returned traveler told us, "but they're not lonely and they don't like Americans. To date a German girl, you've got to show her a good time and, if she's a nice girl, go home to have Sunday dinner with her family and listen to why Germany never should have lost the war."

Another requisite for dating a German girl—or an American—is the ability to hike. Their idea of a day well spent is a five mile hike in the country. Essentially cold, contemptuous of Americans, a West German girl is apt to be a poor date for an evening's fun and chances are that the goodnight kiss will end outside the door.

In South America, the countries are so poverty stricken that no knowledge of Spanish is necessary. A friend of ours just returned from Venezuela where he was wakened at midnight from a sound sleep by a light knock at the door. Opening it, he saw a gorgeous young girl of about nineteen standing there holding the top of her two-piece dress in her hand.

"You want love?" she inquired in the tone of a female Fuller Brush man. Our friend decided he did. "What a figure," he sighed later, remembering. "She was built like Sophia Loren. She was absolutely gorgeous."

A light supper was brought to the room, wine, and then he took her up on her offer. Later, falling into a sound sleep, he didn't hear her rise and depart. Not till he was wakened, to find she had departed with \$350 of his money, did he realize he'd been taken by an expert. He learned from the experience.

"Don't carry any American money with you in South America," is his advice to the male American tourist. "Just carry local currency, and don't worry about the language. You can't walk two blocks without having half a dozen pretty girls make a pass at you. Just for a good meal, these beauties will do about anything."

But whether it's trying to understand why the Russian girls want to make love with their clothes on, why the French girl refuses to shave her legs or under her arms, why the Italian girl gives herself too willingly, or the German girl not at all, the only requisite for a trip abroad is money. You'll find that American dollars speak a language every girl in every country can understand. Bon voyage!

THE BRASS HATS VS. THE SILVER SCREEN

(Continued from page 26)

objections of the military bigwigs. Lately there have been certain indications that the military's role in movie making will lessen.

During the hey-day of Pentagon-Hollywood cooperation, an entire battalion of 800 men was loaned to help make a 1955 film, called *To Hell and Back*. That this sort of massive aid will probably not happen again is the direct result of the complaints concerning the filming of *The Longest Day*.

Although the Army supplied only 250 of the 750 men that producer Zanuck asked for, a good many questions arose as to the desirability of allowing U.S. fighting men to be used as unpaid labor for somebody else's profit. As one soldier noted, "I'm supposed to be here to defend my country. If they want me to be

a movie extra, let them pay me an extra's wages."

As a result of these protests, the Defense Department began tightening its regulations regarding the use of troops in movies. That they mean business is shown by the fact that the Navy cut a request for 100 men—to help make *PT 109*—to a mere 12. That this is a film about the President's war exploits made no difference.

Many Hollywood people are hopeful that this will lead eventually to a whole new attitude on the part of the Pentagon.

"Perhaps," as one movieland wag put it at a recent cocktail party, "we will never be able to see a sergeant wind up with a curvy captain. But maybe he'll be allowed to marry a cute second lieutenant some day." ●

THE SHARPEST BLADE IN THE WEST

(Continued from page 9)

the town's population. To them, he was merely desppicable Little Alvin, the town barber. Well, what else but a barber could he be, since he was what he was, where he was, when he was. Also of necessity, he was a good barber; he wouldn't have been tolerated otherwise.

"That mizzible li'l she-worm's the only barber ever could gimme a decent trim 'bout I come out a-lookin' like a mangy grizzly with nekkid ears!" claimed Black Bart Chisholm, known far and wide as "The Fastest Gun in the West."

"That yell'er-bellied jellyfish!—ain't nobody kin hold a razor to him when it comes to shavin' a beard's tough as mine!" vowed Killer Calhoun, likewise known far and wide as "The Fastest Gun in the West."

"That tonsorial poltroon displays the artistry of a master in shaping my Van Dyke!" declared Dapper Dan Danfield, who'd had book l'arnin', and who was also known far and wide as "The Fastest Gun in the West."

So Alvin cut, clipped and sheared away, spending his days in quivering terror at the dangers which surrounded him on every side, dreaming of the erotic nights of the past, the present and especially the future. He stayed in his shop and he minded his own business and that's how it was that he missed the arrival of the stagecoach from Laramie and the excitement generated by its cargo one spring day.

Its cargo was feminine—and choicely so. All glamor being divided into three parts, it consisted of a blonde, a brunette and a redhead. The blonde was called Trixie, the brunette Pixie, and the redhead

Dixie. They were no better than they should have been—which was a damn sight better as far as looks went than any of the 'Good,' 'Bad,' or indifferent women in the town before their arrival. They had come to dance (which they did atrociously) and to show their legs (which they did alluringly) at the local dancehall. On hand when they debarked from the stage were each of the he-men known far and wide as "The Fastest Gun in the West."

Each immediately eye-marked one of the tittering trio for himself. Black Bart filleted the clothes from Trixie with a glance and then swept the circle of admiring men with another that clearly said "Hands Off!" Killer Calhoun's wink disrobed Pixie and his finger, nervous on his gun, signalled the onlookers of the dire penalties of trespassing. Dapper Dan daintily de-clothed Dixie with a telling flick of his monocle that was both a sign of noblesse oblige and an edict that the peasants had better content themselves with eating bread—lest they eat hot lead.

The three new dance-hall girls didn't dance that night—not any other. They had found more profitable pastimes, under more monopolistic management. So it wasn't surprising that Alvin didn't make their acquaintance until some weeks after their arrival.

Even then, he only met two of them—Trixie and Pixie—the red-headed Dixie being abed with a cold, although some skeptics doubted this and gossiped that she was only, as usual, being bearded in her den. Anyway, Alvin met the two shady ladies in the general store where he had gone to purchase a new



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razor. Seeing the contempt with which he was treated by the loafers around the pickle barrel, observing his scrawny helplessness and miserable demeanor, each of the girls, naturally, became immediately obsessed with the desire to mother him. This desire, because of their lack of emotional experience as opposed to physical experience, each of them immediately took to be love.

Trixie was the first to act upon it. That very evening, Black Bart being out of town rustling cattle, as was his way, she wrote a note to the little barber, summoning him to her quarters in words that fairly made the paper they were penned on pant. Night having fallen, and having brought with it the transformation from cowardly cutter-of-hair to savagely Lupine lover, Alvin was nothing loath.

Both parties being eminently satisfied, subsequent canters during the weeks that followed were arranged for Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights, these being the evenings when Black Bart strewed the range with hot branding irons for stray cattle to seat themselves upon—preferably by the herd. But let it not be thought that Alvin was left with time on his tonsorial hands during the intervening evenings. No indeed! Such an eventuality was forestalled

by Pixie the very night following his gallop with Trixie.

No sooner had Killer Calhoun ridden off on his Tuesday evening homicide rounds than the petite brunette had whisked her ardent billet doux off to the barber shop. Alvin sheathed his shears, locked the door behind him and hied to the local hostelry as fast as his fevered feet could take him. And in no time at all he and Pixie were as drunk on sex as a pair of alcoholics turned loose in a still.

Since awesome Killer Calhoun was wont to go out murdering in his malice-less, good-natured way every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday night, their subsequent trysts were arranged for these evenings. With Dixie scheduled for Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, this pretty much took care of Alvin's week. On Sunday he rested; he had to!

It went on like that for some weeks and the history of the Old West records no happier barber than Alvin during this period. It might have gone on forever if it hadn't been for "Talky" Joe Benson.

"Talky" Joe was the desk clerk at the hotel where TRIXIE and Pixie piloted their pates, and he came by his nickname honestly. "Talky" was the biggest gossip in town.

He proceeded to tell Black Bart all about how Alvin was making a

fool out of Killer Calhoun with Pixie. And then he told Killer Calhoun all about how the little barber was poaching on Black Bart's preserves with Trixie.

"Wal, I'll be danged," chortled Black Bart.

"Do tell?" Killer Calhoun guffawed.

"One a these days Killer's gonna ketch wise an' fill him fulla lead," said "Talky" to Black Bart.

"Not lessen he wants to buck horns with me," replied Black Bart. "I ain't gonna stand by an' let nobody plug that barber; leastwise not while that dandruff cure a his is still a-workin'!"

"One a these days Bart's gonna ketch wise an' fill him fulla lead," said "Talky" to Killer Calhoun.

"Ifen he does, he'll have ta answer ta me," replied Killer Calhoun. "I ain't gonna let Bart's love life come 'ween me an' the only decent shave in town."

That was Sunday morning. Sunday afternoon, at two o'clock, Black Bart was just leaving the stable at the east end of town and heading for the hotel bar to have a drink. At the same moment Killer Calhoun was leaving the general store at the west end of town and heading for the hotel bar to have a drink. Alvin was emerging from his barber shop, where he'd been checking the week's

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receipts and was about to cross the street to put his books back in the hotel safe.

Black Bart saw Alvin and the approaching Killer Calhoun at the same moment and a grim look of protection came over his face. Killer Calhoun saw Alvin and the grim look on Black Bart's face and his hand slid toward his gun protectively. Alvin reached the porch of the hotel and the two gunslingers marched steadily towards the same point, each watching the other warily, each committed to guard their favorite barber from the other's wrath, each wishing Alvin would get the hell inside before the other decided to revenge his honor.

Alvin was about to do just that when Fate—that grim conniver of the legends of the Old West—took a hand. Just above Alvin the red-headed Dixie was watering the petunias in her window-box when Dapper Dan slipped out of the bed she'd just vacated, sneaked up behind her and delivered the rudest of lewd caresses. Dixie bolted like a bee-stung bronco and in so doing knocked the flower-box off the window-ledge. "Look out!" she screamed as it plunged towards Alvin's head.

The fear which was always with him made Alvin react quickly and he dived through the swinging doors of the hotel bar and threw his quivering body prostrate on the floor. Simultaneously, each jumping to the same trigger-happy conclusion that the other was about to attack his favorite barber, Black Bart and Killer Calhoun slapped leather and fired. The two shots rang as one and when the smoke had cleared their bodies lay lifeless at each end of the hotel porch like a pair of upended bookends.

"Talky" was delighted at the opportunity to display his fount of backstairs knowledge and when he'd finished, Dapper Dan was weak with laughter.

Dan was still chuckling as he saddled his horse and rode out of town to keep his Sunday-night appointment with a miner he'd left tied on an ant-hill out in the desert.

As he was riding along, still chuckling to himself over Alvin's escapades, Dan was struck by a sudden thought. "Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, hmm. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, hmm-hmm. I wonder what the little beggar does on Sunday nights?" That made him think of Dixie. And that made him realize that this was Sunday night. He'd already come two hours ride from town, but that realization made him wheel his horse around and start back.

On any previous Sunday, his decision wouldn't have made any difference. But this Sunday was different. This Sunday, Alvin had re-

ceived a note from Dixie asking him to call on her. The missive drove the afternoon's terror from his mind and once again Alvin was transformed into the pint-sized Lothario off to keep his tryst.

But he was wrong. Dixie, far from summoning him for romantic reasons, had been struck by quite another emotion upon hearing Alvin's name from the hotel clerk later that same fatal afternoon.

"You know who I am?"

"You're Dixie."

"What else?"

Alvin was beginning to be very frightened. "You're Dapper Dan's girl," he said, his voice quaking.

"That ain't what I mean. My name's Dixie; but what's my last name?"

"I don't know."

"Look at me real good. That's it. Now do you know?"

"No."

"Fenster. That's my last name: Fenster. Same as yours. Look close, can't you see? We even look alike. I'm your little sister, Dixie!"

"Alvin, I tell you, you're my brother an' I kin prove it."

"No I ain't, Ma'am."

"You are, too, Commere. Now, my brother Alvin has the cutest little strawberry mark on his—Well, here's a pitcher took a him on a bear rug. See it, right there?"

"I ain't got no such mark, Ma'am."

"Pull down your britches!"

With a resigned sigh, Alvin complied.

"Now, git that flap unbuttoned an' we'll soon see if I'm right."

Alvin unbuttoned the flap and Dixie, who was somewhat nearsighted, started towards him to get a closer look. It was at this moment that the door came flying open and Dapper Dan, a sixgun in each hand, came storming into the room. "Aha!" he cried. "Just as I thought! Our barber's week booked solid with Sunday night taken care of by my very own, truer than true innomorata."

"He's my brother an' there's a strawberry mark on his—" She

ended the sentence with a wave of her hand.

"And I suppose that's why you warned him that Black Bart and Killer Calhoun were gunning for him this afternoon — because he's your brother."

"No. I didn't know nuthin' about it then. But if he's got that mark, he's my brother right 'nuf."

"And if he doesn't, he's a dead man, my dear. I shall see for myself." Dapper Dan marched toward Alvin.

It was more than Alvin could stand. He didn't know of any strawberry mark. He panicked and dived for the window. Dapper Dan didn't hesitate. His bullet went clean through Alvin, leaving a neat little hole as it whistled out of his chest, in the dead center of his heart.

Dixie screamed. "You've killed my brother," she wept. "I on'y jes found him an' now you went an' killed him."

Dan ignored her and turned the body over with his foot. He bent over and daintily lifted the underwear flap. "Well, I am sorry," he said. There, on the left half of Alvin's derriere was indeed a strawberry mark.

"I told you," said Dixie, but her voice was surprisingly mild.

"My darling, I can't apologize enough."

"Oh, well, don't feel too bad, I hardly knew him."

"Well, I must say it's extremely charitable of you to take this attitude."

"At's what I keep tellin' ya, honey. Ya don't preicate me." And Dixie crumpled up the baby picture she'd been holding in her hand, the picture of her brother on the bear-skin rug which clearly showed the strawberry mark on his right buttock, and threw it into the wastebasket behind her...

They buried Alvin in an unmarked grave, right between Black Bart and Killer Calhoun. His epitaph is unwritten, but still sung mightily everywhere in the cliches of the Old West.

OUR AMOROUS FOUNDING FATHERS

(Continued from page 21)

neighbors reported him to the wardens. The officers of the law hurried to the house and banged on the door. There was no response, so they waited outside until Capt. Underhill emerged.

He calmly explained that he had gone there to pray with the cooper's wife. The prayer was a long one, and it would have been sacrilegious to break off communion with God simply because someone took a notion to knock on the door, he said. The lady solemnly confirmed this.

Since the good Captain was a valiant Indian-fighter, and his services were in great demand at the moment, nothing was done to him immediately. However when the war was over the wardens led him to church and forced him to confess publicly that he was an adulterer and a sinner before the Lord. He repented and was forgiven. What happened to his partner in sin is not recorded, however.

Life in the Southern colonies was even more uninhibited. At a time

when adultery was looked upon as a mortal sin in Massachusetts, it was regarded as a joke in Virginia. This colony was settled by Cavaliers who had none of the sex myths of the Puritans.

"Send us wives," Capt. John Smith wrote back to England. "My men are running in the woods after the Indian girls!"

Boatload after boatload of husky, blowzy English servant girls were sent to America. The concupiscent demand was so great that most of them were married within an hour after setting foot on American soil. When the British "marriage brokerage" company was unable to fill its quota with serving girls, it emptied the English jails of prostitutes and petty criminals and shipped them off to the New World. Such lasses also found eager mates waiting.

A young girl with four years of indentured service could be bought for as little as 15 pounds sterling, and there was no law to prevent the planter from making her his concubine. Generally speaking, sex morals in the South were largely regarded as an economic matter and were so treated by the law.

Sexual relations between master and servant or slave, and between indentured servants and slaves, were more or less taken for granted.

It was the Dutch who brought to this country the diverting institution they called *questing*, better known to posterity as "bundling." In essence it consisted of an unmarried man and an unmarried woman going to bed together, fully or partially clothed and separated by a board which ran the length of the bed.

The pleasant practice spread like wildfire through the other colonies, and by 1750 New England communities were full of expert bundlers who went around bundling from house to house. The way of a man with a maid being what it is, what with propinquity and a lack of chaperones, the "honor system" often was forgotten.

Bundling was stripped of much of its alleged innocence when veterans of the French and Indian War (1763) returned home. Accustomed to the vice and recklessness of army camps, they seldom permitted a plank to frustrate natural impulses.

In spite of widespread criticism, bundling continued to be widely practiced in rural areas well after 1800. It was one of the symptoms of the collapse of Puritanical hypocrisy and the rise of greater sexual freedom among all sectors of the population.

Another symptom of the changing moral climate in this country was the sharp rise in premarital sex, and its consequences. The records of the Groton (Connecticut) Church, for example, show that between 1761

and 1775 the parents of at least one-third of all children baptised there had to admit that their infants were conceived out of wedlock!

The private lives of many of the founders of this country reveal that Americans had emancipated themselves from the Puritan moral code even before the Revolution which emancipated them from British rule.

Benjamin Franklin made no secret of the fact that he was the father of an illegitimate son. Some say the boy, William Franklin, was born to a "strolling wench" of London during his father's visit there at the precocious age of 19. Others say that his mother was Barbara, an indentured servant in the Franklin home. At any rate when Ben Franklin married, his son was taken into the household and educated at the father's expense. William later became royal governor of New Jersey, and a prominent Tory at the time of the Revolution.

Not so well known is the fact that Ben Franklin also had an illegitimate daughter. She became the wife of John Foxcroft, postmaster of Philadelphia.

Franklin continued to dallay with the ladies to a ripe old age. Well over 70 when he arrived at the French court as representative of the rebellious colonies, his amatory exploits there amazed and delighted the French. One of his mistresses was Madame Hemvetius, the still beautiful widow of the famous philosopher; another was Madaline Brillon, charming young wife of a prominent financier, whom he introduced everywhere as his "daughter."

There was nothing Puritanical about Ben Franklin.

Thomas Jefferson's private life was not beyond reproach, according to his political enemies. They charged that he kept a servant mistress who had borne him several children. Such rumors didn't prevent him from becoming President of the United States.

Alexander Hamilton, himself the illegitimate son of a West Indies merchant, was a gay young blade with the ladies both before and after his marriage. As Secretary of the Treasury, he became involved in an adulterous affair with a Mrs. Reynolds which almost ruined his career. When the scandal was publicized by his political foes, he told his side of the story in a pamphlet printed at his own expense.

He first met Mrs. Reynolds when she came to his home with a pathetic story, he said. She had been deserted by her husband and needed money. The lady was pretty, and the great man wanted to help her. But his family was in the house. So he took her address, promising to bring her the money later that evening.

The affair started in a cheap room in a shabby boarding house. "After that," Hamilton confessed, "I had frequent meetings with her at my own house, Mrs. Hamilton and her children being absent on a visit to her father." One day her husband discovered the illicit liaison, and threatened to tell Mrs. Hamilton about it unless his wife's lover paid him a thousand dollars. Hamilton gave him the money.

Strangely enough, the indiscreet affair continued with the complaisant husband's permission. From time to time he demanded more money, and got it. Eventually Reynolds wound up in jail on another matter and decided to blackmail his way to freedom by selling the story to Hamilton's political opponents. Thus the facts finally came out.

Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, who later killed Hamilton in a duel, also was a notorious Revolutionary rake. He was said to have a weakness for French maids "behind the bookcase" and fathered a number of illegitimate children whose paternity he freely admitted. Blackmail held no terror for him; he was proud of his conquests.

Then there was Gouverneur Morris, prominent member of the Continental Congress and later Minister to France. Rich, handsome, charming and cynical, he was attractive.

While serving as the U.S. representative in France, he became the lover of the Countess de Flahaut, a pretty winsome woman who used her marriage to an old man as a cover-up for extra-marital affairs. Morris shared her favors with Talleyrand, the noted French statesman, to whom the Countess had borne an illegitimate child.

What was true of the leaders of the Revolution was also true of the rank and file. Everywhere the Continental Army moved, it was followed by a horde of female camp followers. Some of these women were wives of the soldiers; most of them were ordinary prostitutes.

From time to time Washington made strenuous efforts to get rid of the trollops, but without success. On the march from Valley Forge he issued strict orders that no women be allowed to ride in the wagons, hoping the long walk in the broiling sun would discourage them. It didn't. And one camp follower, Molly Pitcher, became a heroine by taking over a cannon at the battle of Monmouth.

In short, it would appear that the sex life of our founding fathers was quite strenuous, in spite of the so-called "Puritan tradition." If anything, they hung up a record that today's American would find difficult to equal, let alone exceed.

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